VOGUE

EARLY OCTOBER 1919

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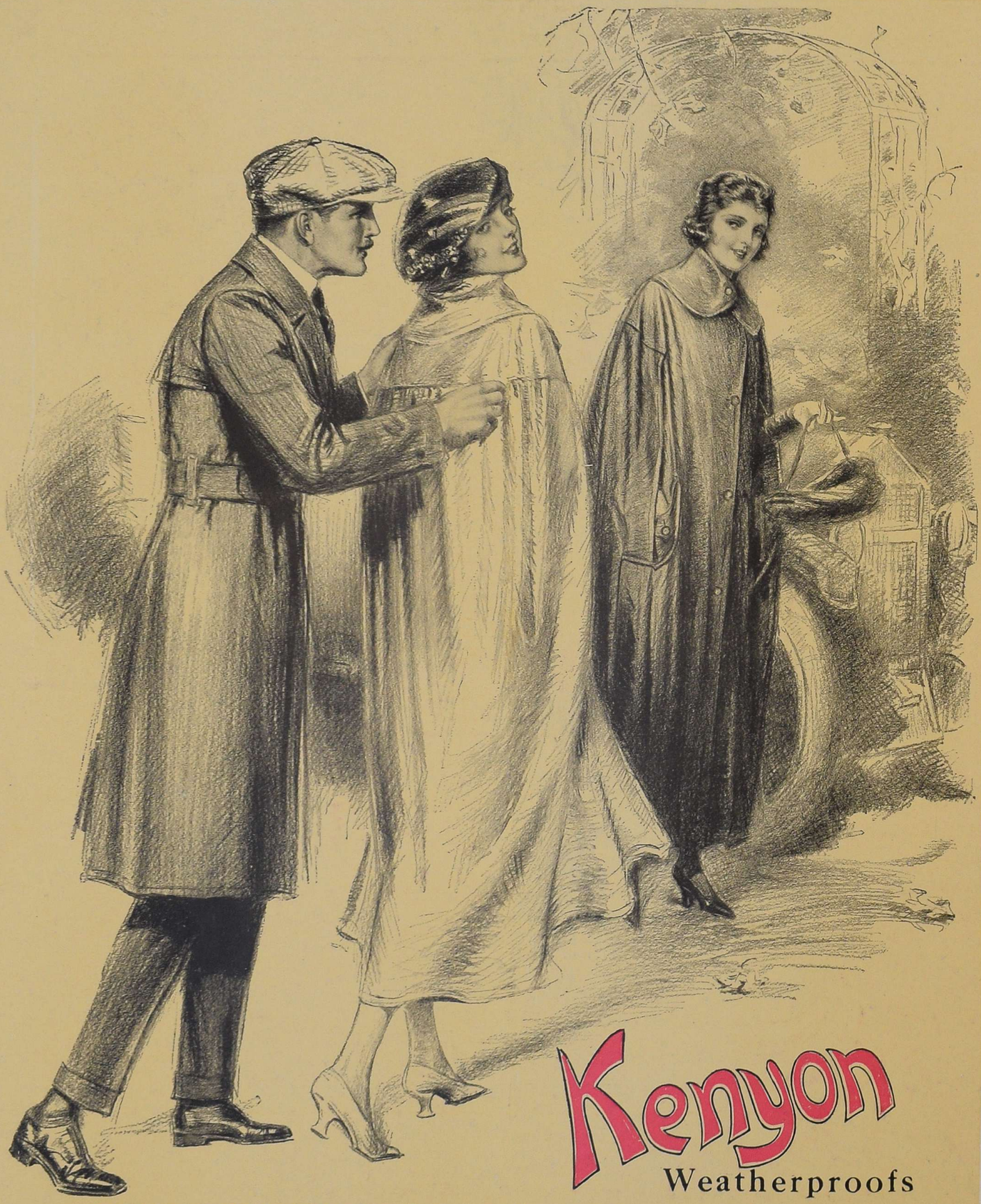

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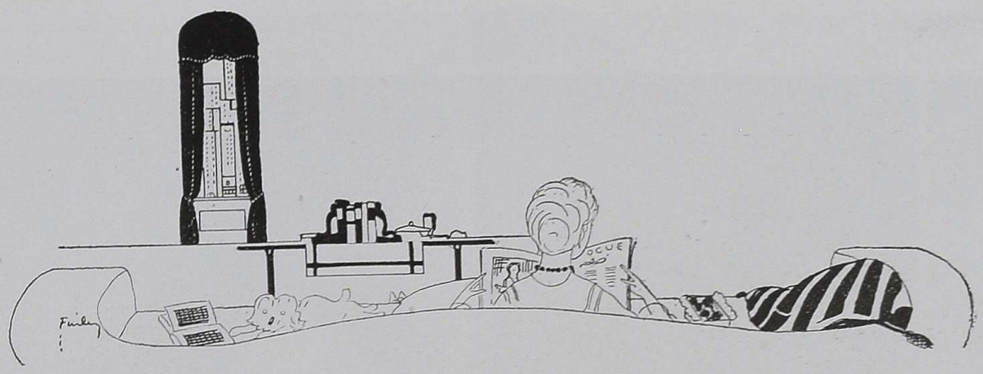

VOGUE KNOWS THE SPOILS OF THE SHOPS

THE New York shops are the most fascinating, the most bewildering, the most face-and-temper-trying places in the world—unless you're so familiar with them that you carry a combined floor directory in the upper right-hand pocket of your brain.

And that—believe it or not—is just what the Vogue Shopping Service does.

"Children's bathing-suits?" says the professional purchaser, raising calm eyes. "Oh, you should go to So-and-So's. Ask for Miss Blank. French shoes? The Maison Qu'est-ce que c'est, of course. Something for a new baby? Why not send one of those fork and spoon sets from The Jewel Box?"

And so it goes, all day and every day. Miss X, Miss Y, Miss Z—, their little heels click out of one elevator and into another to execute, like magic, the commissions of Mrs. New-York-out-of-town, Mrs. Brooklyn-too-busy, Mrs. Lincoln-Nebraska-permanently, and all the other ladies who can't come personally or have learned from experience not to want to.

"Please keep your eye on furniture," writes a bride-to-be. "I want you to buy everything I need for a six-room apartment."

Another fair correspondent is arranging a flower-show and wants decorative vases—a third can't find shoes with heels narrow enough in her small Southern town—a fourth, strange to say, sends one solitary hairpin to be matched—a fifth (man, this time) writes from Mexico for a directory of Providence, Rhode Island, adding, "if there is any money over, please buy me some good chocolates."

If you were to ask for a new husband or a Queen Anne garage by mail, you couldn't upset the Shopping Department. There are a few things, though, that do bother them. One is a request from far Tallahassee for a sweater to be delivered on the eighth of the month—and here it's the seventh, and the letter has just reached New York. Another is an order for "that blouse on page blank"—and lo, there are three blouses on that page, each of them in four colours and several sizes. Worst of all is the very trying situation created when the would-be purchaser forgets to enclose the money to cover the prospective purchase. But—for the rest—try us and see!

THE LATE OCTOBER VOGUE

The next issue of Vogue bears a new title, "New York Fashions Number." In this issue will be shown a number of models for the autumn which have been created by New York houses. For several seasons past, certain New York houses have been offering special designs of their own creation to their clientèle, and the models shown in the next issue of Vogue will be chosen from the autumn collections of these designers

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for

Early October, 1919

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MRS. OGDEN L. MILLS

Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, who has been spending the last few winters in Washington, is now in Europe with her mother, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. She left America last spring in order to be with Mrs. Vanderbilt and assist her in numerous charitable enterprises in which they are both deeply interested. For, despite the end of the war, there is still much relief work to be done on the other side

Lewis smartly refuses to do more for one side of this dark green velvet hat than for the other, so indulges them both to the last inch in the matter of width and the matter of iridescent feathers that emphasize the inclination of autumn hats to be very wide at the sides and very close front and back

LEWIS

PARIS MODISTES SET FORTH THE HATS OF AUTUMN

The Millinery Openings Assert That Autumn Hats Will Follow the Tendency Foreshadowed For Autumn Frocks and Succumb to the Influence of Eighteenth-Century Modes

LEWIS

Though it puts up a stiff black velvet front, this citron velvet toque is a soft thing with a carefully studied negligence to its draping and a Spanish gipsy knot over one ear

TO begin with generalities, one may say that the hats for the autumn of 1919 are more picturesque than any which we have had since the war cloud settled over Europe. The Directoire influence was strong in the spring millinery, but it is the eighteenth century, preceding the French Revolution, which has been in the minds of the designers and is reflected in the hats for the coming winter. Both the famous kings, Louis XIV and Louis XV, are once more brought to mind by the new chapeaux, and even Louis XIII and his day are revived by the same means. No one will attempt to see a political significance in this; if it must be explained, the natural reaction from the practicality of war fashions to the essentially feminine and more frivolous modes of those irresponsible days is sufficient motive. But it is only the learned who seek deep psychological reasons for choosing a new autumn hat.

HATS ARE BOTH LARGE AND SMALL

It is interesting to observe that this season the milliners have followed the dressmakers instead of the other way about, for no sooner had rumours of panniers, wide-skirted dresses, and Louis XV suits begun to fill the air than the hat-makers set to work on headgear to go with them; so that we shall have large shapes, wide sweeping brims, tricorns, and bérets, more colour than we have seen in recent seasons, and a revival of the picture hat for wear on dress occasions. The small hat, however, has not been displaced from its position of prominence. There is nothing more distinguished than a small head above furs and street dress, and even the immense hoops of Louis XIV, which some Parisiennes are amusing themselves by wearing in the evening, were always worn with a small coiffure, making them much more attractive from an artistic standpoint than the exaggerated headdresses of Louis XVI.

The béret and the tricorn belong by right to the fashions of the eighteenth century, and we shall therefore see many of them. The béret appears in a very large version with great width at the sides, such as the Maria Guy model on page 41, while the tricorn, set well down on the head, has its curves subtly worked out to assist instead of mar the lines of the profile and head—a very important point in this smart, but rather trying type of hat. There is a tendency, a bit daring and not too general, to tip the hats over the forehead as they used to be worn about ten years ago. This tendency predicts a return to a chignon coiffure, already noticeable on certain smart women whom one sees in Paris.

AN EFFORT TO DETHRONE THE CLOCHE

The French milliners seem to be making a concerted effort to induce women to give up the eternal cloche which has been almost a uniform in Paris. Rather small, turned down all round to conceal the brows and eyes and the back of the neck, this type has been adopted for the trenchant reason that it is thought to make one look younger. A European woman will do almost anything — unbecoming, difficult, even painful—which will accomplish this result; and it is the real reason for the continued popularity of the very short skirt which may lack dignity, but which, in her opinion, lends youthfulness. She is convinced that a high hat makes her look older, so that the general effect of trimming will probably continue to be low. Great width at the sides is a feature in the advance winter styles, and it is found at every good house, while large shapes with pictorial lines and no trimming, or very little, are offered in profusion.

Many models of draped velvet are shown for the coming season, and the folds of the material are studied with the care that a painter gives to the arrangement of drapery in a portrait. The idea is to give smart women something which can not readily be copied in a cheaper grade of hat, and a great deal of art is expended on the twisting of supple velvet to suit individual faces. These velvet hats are seen in soft bright colours with a preponderance of the season's favourites, citron yellow and mauve. The crowns are swathed, and the brims are quite soft and can be bent into the form which best suits the face. Sometimes, there is a large velvet rose as trimming, but most often the beauty of the material is left unadorned.

The late summer in Paris saw a great number of coloured felt hats encircled with wreaths of artificial flowers. This type of hat is very appropriate for early autumn wear in America. Here, however, these felts will probably be replaced by fluffy beavers. Yellow felts trimmed with nasturtiums, mauve felts with pansies or violets, and rust felts with currants, were favourite combinations worn in Paris with coloured sweaters to match them. The use of flowers in millinery is to be encouraged because this is one of the typical industries of France and provides suitable employment for many of its women workers. French frocks used to be lavishly decorated with them, a dainty fancy which we may see revived. At Lucie Hamar's, I saw a charming black velvet shape wreathed with large pink silk peonies, each with a few pink ostrich flues placed among the petals to give lightness. Simple trimming is still the rule, and the fashion of wearing two immense pearl-headed pins in a perfectly plain hat will continue this winter. Grey lace veils, the pattern trimming the hat, are also a feature of early autumn millinery.

Another hat of the late summer which will survive through the autumn is the "saucer" shape with a brim turned up all round, often very elabo-

LEWIS

What sensible hat flies in the face of a French providence that decrees feathers first, last, and forever? Certainly not a black velvet hat, slashed in Henry VIII fashion, that may acquire a sweeping black and white paradise

LUCIE HAMAR

This little lady is correctly new, because she is correctly old from her plain black velvet hat with a wide innocent brim and her beautifully neat little curls (which one must admit were put on with the hat and for the hat, at Lucie Hamar's decree) to her furs of Scotch mole designed in quaint rows of scallops and worn fichu fashion over a demure panier gown; furs from Max

velvet which looks in profile like the travelling mask worn by fair travellers of the eighteenth century.

Another originality at Lewis's is the Egyptian hat of very dark green velvet—myrtle green—sketched on page 39; it is arranged in points at the sides. These points are accentuated by the unusual placing of two iridescent wings of cock's feathers rolled over the front and coming far down on the cheeks on each side of the face. Only a woman with a beautiful profile should dare this, but the effect is extremely good when it is becoming. The point between the wings is filled in by turquoise satin in even folds. Some of the large hats at this house are of black velvet, round, with the brims turned off the face and edged with fur for richness. If they are trimmed at all, they may have a large bow of gold lace or a wreath of small aigrettes. There is a hat of black panne velvet raised from the head by a deep band embroidered in jet and pearl sequins, higher on one side than the other, that is cleverly draped with the folds going across the head.

LUCIE HAMAR

For quite long enough have hats gone full tilt over eyebrows and eyes. Now, Lucie Hamar is bringing them up with a flare, and one sees two eyes and even an eyebrow beneath the sharply plaited brim of this hat of black panne velvet that is a bit uplifted

rately trimmed on the under side, and the top perfectly plain. Brims that turn back from the face are shown in several of the houses, and sometimes the brim is made to form sharp points at the sides, like the Maria Guy model on the opposite page. The treatment of the brim continues to be more important than that of the crown. Ostrich feathers, usually uncurled, will be very much worn, but they are not, as a rule, glycerinized. Women find that this process is very hard on the plume, and even in the present era of extravagance, this thought may have given them pause. Aigrettes will be worn for evening here in Paris, though substitutes will be found for them in the American market, since their importation is still forbidden. Lewis is making an evening hat of black lace, piped with patent leather, and trimmed with paradise for home consumption and with burnt goose or ostrich for exportation.

HATS FROM LEWIS

I have heard cock's feathers mentioned for winter wear, but I have seen only a few models trimmed with them. Perhaps they are reserved for later in the season. Lewis used black and white paradise on the little toque on page 39 which is so reminiscent of the caps of Henry VIII's days and so ingenious in its arrangement of pointed folds of black velvet lined with white velvet. He is showing very small circular toques of white bird's breasts with a wing placed low on the right side over the ear. Toques are featured in this collection, and a particularly interesting one sketched on page 39 is of citron yellow draped in imitation of the handkerchief that the Spanish gipsy wears on his head; the "ear" of velvet tied at the right recalls the knot, while low across the brow is a band of black

LUCIE HAMAR

The effect of these wide plain lines of royal blue ottoman silk, now called "drapeau bleu," is every bit as successful to-day as it was two hundred years ago, and that is why Lucie Hamar leaves the hat entirely to line,—not quite entirely, for she adds two bunches of curls underneath — knowing that much may be won—or lost—in the shake of a curl

At Maria Guy's, line continues to be the motif of the hat, and the favoured line is that which gives great width across the head. Very little trimming, or none at all, distinguishes these models. The sketch at the right on this page shows a shape of black panne velvet turned into sharp points at the sides and trimmed only with flat jet ornaments. Maria Guy is making large bérets of velvet, like the one shown at the center on this page, in the revived myrtle green. She shows another in black with a pointed mass of tiny bright coloured flowers in front. Ingenious use of lace is one distinguishing mark of this house, and a model in black satin shows the lace placed in a wired frill under the brim, covering the eyes, and giving the effect of the lace cap worn under the hat, which was a feature of Louis XV modes. Small toques with smashing ribbon bows, like the one sketched on this page, are suggested for tailor suits, and hats with crowns of such furs as castor and kolinsky are being made to wear with furs.

MARIA GUY

Broad in its outlook—that's one of the nice things about this panne velvet shape. For width across a hat is a new characteristic of the season. This model has no trimming beyond circles of jet, and its brim, which is only a turned-back band in front and back, extends into long points at the sides after a fashion wholly new

MARIA GUY

One just can't keep this myrtle green béret down, that's all—it flares up at the slightest provocation, for when it heard about that new width idea, it became all ears. The furs that appear in the same act are of ermine, the scarf in the revived perfectly straight form, the muff in a cylinder shape; furs from Max

MARIA GUY

This ribbon is trimmed with a perfectly good little black felt hat snuggled down between smashing bows that make many points of emphasizing the designer's fondness for line. The mole scarf has flowers fashioned out of strips set into the fabric with the grain going the other way; scarf from Max

JEANNE DUC

Jeanne Duc is making both small and medium large hats. One of her successes is a rather large shape of draped velvet, either in a soft orange yellow or in mauve, with a swathed crown and a soft double brim like a frill. The only trimming is a large velvet rose. Embroidered duvetine is a material which she is using for winter hats; sometimes the embroidery is in chenille and sometimes it is appliqué flowers cut from fine cretonnes or silk and placed flat about the brim. For street wear, she favours the tricorn, because it leaves the line at the back of the neck free. She thinks that the cloche, particularly when

JEANNE DUC

Its maker has gone into graceful lines of burnt orange velvet drapery for this large hat. The drooping brim is lined with black velvet, and two thin black feathers are attached by a black and orange enamel ornament. Its companion is a Premet blouse of white Georgette crêpe, black silk, and beads

JEANNE DUC

Back with the eighteenth-century modes come the tricorns of those days, and thus is blue satin fashioned with the aid of a blue plaited cockade and a cabuchon of red and blue enamel. Here, too, is the blouse Premet favours for the winter tailleur, fine white handkerchief linen lace with soft ruffles

JEANNE DUC

(Left) This hat of dark blue satin is quite after the heart of Jeanne Duc, who considers that the back of woman's neck has been in eclipse too long already. To make it a true child of the mode, two uncurled feathers in cinnamon and grey blue exaggerate its width

CHARLOTTE HENNARD

(Right) Days of pre-Revolutionary France are Charlotte Hennard's inspiration when she designs a small black velvet béret to harmonize with panniers and wide-skirted dresses. It should be worn thus, as its original was worn in the Louis XVI portrait suggesting it

worn with a fur scarf, makes the neck too thick and that we should return to well-thought-out shapes which show the line at the back of the head.

On this page is sketched a tricorn of blue taffeta made along these lines and trimmed with a cockade made of plaited ribbon edged with gold, and a cabuchon of enamel in red and blue. This cabuchon is the work of the artist Rabajoi, who has constructed cockades in all colours and buckles in the form of butterflies and brooches in unusual combinations of coloured enamel put on a metal plaque. Jeanne Duc is using these to give an accent to some of her best hats, and one is shown in the sketch at the upper left on this page; it presents a hat of black velvet with a clever drapery of dark orange velvet and one of these butterfly buckles in orange and black enamel. Below is a hat of very dark blue satin, small and close in shape, trimmed with two uncurled plumes placed across the top in the new manner; their colours are cinnamon brown and a dull grey blue.

One also finds coloured leather used as trimming by Jeanne Duc. There is a grey blue hat striped all over with narrow strips of dull red leather, with a leather ornament in the front. White kid hats embroidered all over in black, sometimes silk and sometimes raffia, appeared late in the summer season with black patent leather hats embroidered in white vermicelli patterns. Coloured kid hats promise to be continued into the early autumn for street and sports wear. An amusing model of Jeanne Duc's is called "Les Vitrines de Reims," and shows a bright brown felt trimmed with a woven braid full of tiny bits of bright coloured celluloid, giving the effect of glass.

CHARLOTTE HENNARD

The Paris hats are very apt to be up, not down in front, and so is this one of black velvet with an ear-hiding arrangement of jade green clipped ostrich. A scarf and muff of Hudson seal are striped in a novel way by strips across the grain; the scarf ties in back over a straight panel of fur; furs from Max

VALENTINE ABOUT

Valentine About, another Paris modiste who harks back to the eighteenth century, is also making

(Right) It's fine feathers that make fine this sailor shape, for the brim is a halo of bright blue quills tipped with clipped ostrich. The crown is of draped velvet and proclaims its Paris credentials in "drapeau bleu." A simple overblouse from Premet trims pale rose Georgette crêpe with blue ribbons and blue buttons

CAMILLE ROGER

(Middle, below) The Parisienne again rejoices in large brims to her heart's content; so black satin has been fashioned into a wide flat "Victory hat" which rolls itself up at the left side and wreathes itself with the laurel leaves of dark green velvet clustered with gilt berries, which confer its title — one that all hats like

CAMILLE ROGER

VALENTINE ABOUT

VALENTINE ABOUT

Paris, if a face be charming, always finds the newest way to call that fact to mind, and this time turns the brim at back and front and widens it at the sides in the authentic fashion. In contrast to the hatter's plush of the shape, at either side is a large plaque of those circles of bright green feathers called "blondine"

Back with panniers and the Louis XV suits come some interesting hats. One of the court ladies who captured the fancy of a later Louis and rode about with him might have worn just such a hat as this of panne velvet shaped after an eighteenth-century riding-hat and banded with a feather-like fringe of old-rose silk, drooping at the back

large flat hats to accompany pannier frocks, tricorns for Louis XV suits, and many toques, some trimmed with grey lace veils. She has consulted the modes of the three Louis for inspiration; one of her tricorns, for example, is taken from a portrait of the time of Louis XIV in the Louvre. The satin shape shown on this page is a victory hat. It is trimmed with large laurel leaves of dark green velvet, and clusters of gilded berries. One side is rolled up, showing the profile, and the brim lies flat with no suspicion of cloche. The velvet and lace hat at the bottom of this page is an amusing adaptation of an old eighteenth-century print, with its stiff pointed section in front and its lace bonnet achieved by the veil which hangs full and straight right across the back. A red rose makes a cockade at the side. On this page is also sketched a black panne velvet hat trimmed in novel fashion with fringe in an old-rose tone; this one received its inspiration from a riding-hat of pre-Revolutionary days in France. Picturesque effects vie with the practical in this collection. One excellent shape is of woven braid, dented in front at each side by an immense pearl-headed pin and trimmed only with a grey lace veil, with the pattern on the top of the hat. An amusing toque is made of split goose quills, rust brown, which stand straight up all over the head. Mlle. About calls this toque "Flammes d'Enfer," and perhaps she was thinking of the "Boche" *Flammenwerfer* when she made it, for it is very like his wig.

Valentine About is making some of her most charming hats with one eye on the Louvre, for this small black one, brimmed with velvet and crowned with the Chantilly lace which makes that novel frill about the back, was inspired by a late eighteenth-century print. A red silk rose, like a cockade, attaches to the brim

VALENTINE ABOUT

HATS FROM LUCIE HAMAR

Lucie Hamar is specializing in large, almost untrimmed shapes to wear with pannier frocks, and her great novelty, which is shown on page 40 in two different models, consists of curls placed under the brim of the hat to make the picturesque coiffure which should accompany this type of gown and which is so difficult to arrange

(Left) It began with nun-like simplicity, this veil of embroidered black tulle, when it passed modestly beneath the chin and tied itself atop the hat. But its weakness for the decorative could not resist the temptation of tracing patterns over lovely bare arms and shoulders

(Right) Severe?—perhaps. Haughty?—maybe. Chic?—most assuredly. And the four stiff sections of moire ribbon that make the hat go straight up in the air to assert the fact

EVELYNE VARON

with the short tresses that survive the war. Nothing is easier than to buy a bunch of curls from Madame Hamar to match one's own hair and to trust her to place them in the spot in which they will be most becoming; perhaps at the sides, as in the sketch at the top of page 40, and perhaps in the back, as in the sketch at the bottom of the same page. One of these hats is in royal blue ottoman silk, though the "royal" has changed its name to "drapeau," and by this name, it will be seen a great deal in millinery. The hat is almost flat, while the black velvet one with the curls in the back is slightly bent across the face.

A third hat on page 40 is also Madame Hamar's and is turned up from the face in a series of points. Madame Hamar wants these hats worn so that they do not cover the eyebrows, for she thinks that it is time that women began to show the forehead a little. She is also making small toques, and shows one all of finely plaited narrow frills which is very good; another novelty is a toque of gilded feathers.

Charlotte Hennard, whose salons are decorated in Directoire style, goes back to pre-Revolutionary France for ideas for the winter season. She is showing a hat of black velvet trimmed across the front with the high standing row of feathers such as are seen on the heads of warriors in the tapestries and paintings of those times, though it was really taken, I believe, from early accounts of the head-dresses of the American Indian. A hat with a rather novel line is sketched on page 42. It is of black velvet turned up very sharply in front and quite high. Under the brim over the left ear is a tuft of clipped jade green ostrich.

A Louis XVI béret in black velvet is shown on page 42, also. It was taken from a portrait of the period and is rather small and worn pushed over the face instead of drooping backward. It also has a tuft of feathers over the ear, this time black. Excellent little tailored shapes show a very narrow brim and a rather high crown, with no trimming but a rosette of patent leather in front and a piping of the same around the line of the crown, and the cloche shapes are also seen, for the Parisienne is not ready to forsake them.

When late summer came, Paris took to felt hats and decided to stand by them through early autumn. These hats must be trimmed with fruit and flower wreaths—and rust coloured felt with currants and rust coloured velvet flowers is a favoured combination

A little hat and a flowing veil—the combination is suited to the slim grace of the wearer, Madame de Vilmorin. Her toque of supple silk is overcast—but charmingly so, as though by a subtle shadow—by black Chantilly lace

This veil is just a square of black Chantilly lace, but it is disposed with fine French carelessness (or precision?) over a hat with quaintly broad sides; for veils this season are affairs of floating grace

LEWIS

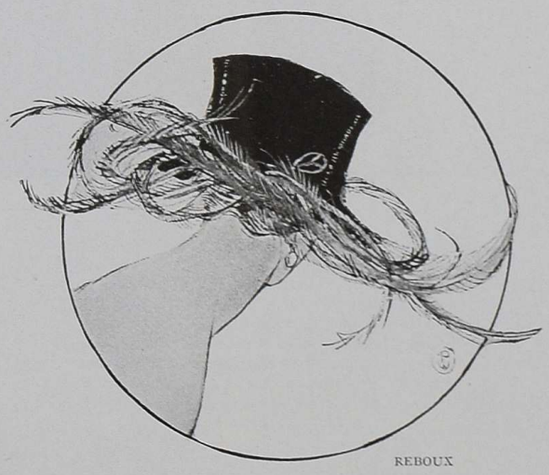
The Marquise de Chabannes is an exponent of the chic of black and white. Her small toque of white cock's feathers has that very smart motif at the side over the right eye—just a dash of black featners

EVELYNE VARON

Tulle and silver are the stuff of theatre hats, and this one for Madame Gould is chiefly layers of mauve and brown tulle with a tiara front embroidered in silver

REBOUX

For early autumn, Paris is wearing the felt hat, like this white sailor for Mlle. Olga Edwards. The cherries about the crown are connected with leaves of poison green ribbon



REBOUX

The elaborate elegance of the mode demands large hats and sweeping feathers. Madame Santos-Suarez wears charmingly a large shape with a swirl of turbulent brown and black aigrettes

Those artists who make such things as French hats have not forgotten the charm of Louis XIII days. With befitting grace and dignity, Mrs. Wilsie wears a large brown satin hat with a cascade of plumes drooping over one side

Madame Hennard is also of the opinion that, unless it is very skilfully handled, the hat that uncovers the neck makes the wearer look older.

CAMILLE ROGER

Camille Roger will continue to pay great attention to the brim of the hat and leave the crown to take care of itself. She is showing hats in bright *drapeau* blue and is using a great deal of the thin feather called "blondine." Colour plays an important rôle at this house, as will be noticed in the Camille Roger hats on page 43. M. H.

SUZANNE TALBOT

(Right) After ten years' absence, does this nonchalant return of the very little toque, shaped and tilted like a Tonkinese hat, herald the return of the chignon? A decade ago, however, such a hat would never have been fashioned of silver cloth nor have worn a bouquet of black and white cock's feathers

Of course, one knows that its last name is Hermance and that as far as being picturesque is concerned, it claims a blood relationship to the old Gainsborough hat, this shape in black satin antique and burgundy. The crown is of medium height, and across the front and down one side, a burgundy ostrich feather that bankrupts description pursues its pensive downward path clear through the brim almost to the shoulder

Who wouldn't want to look like this smart little geyser? And it's easy enough—she has merely clapped down over her head a round black panne velvet turban, irrepressible with a cascade of glycerined ostrich flues and feathers. She has eyes, too, but she sees not—except through that spraying fluff of feathers

It's just as smart as that obliging animal, the kid, knew how to make it, this youthful tam cocking an impudent feather. But—although for the present, kid hats are a very smart novelty indeed, one really can't take them as a serious part of the autumn mode in which velvet and satin antique will be reigning

HATS FROM WATERS

TOQUES STILL HOLD THEIR OWN, OF COURSE, BUT, SINCE THE WAR, PARIS HAS GIVEN ITS HEART TO PICTURE HATS WITH SWEEPING BRIMS AND PLUMES

Every step along the way of its black career, this soft velvet hat met the approval of Paris. "Let us be picturesque," say the French makers. And so, if we are fortunate, we dine in some such creation as that above. The crown, like those on so many of the new hats isn't either high or low—it's medium

As for the brim, one must talk a great deal about that. For at one side it is short and mushroom in shape, while at the other—well, who but the French would have made it longer and tipped it over the face? Georgette made a paradise feather, sweeping over the shoulder, curve one strand up, the other down

HAT FROM THURN

PARIS LEADS THE WAY WITH THE LONG PICTORIAL LINE AND THEN, PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, SHOWS JUST HOW THOSE SOFT LINES CAN BE CHIC

With a becoming upward sweep of brim and an outward swing of its spray of paradise, this picturesque black velvet hat declares its autumn modishness

(Below) Eyes can not object to being eclipsed when the matter is accomplished with all the Talbot chic of a severe black sailor in panne velvet. Strands of green and black ostrich—that popular feather—trim the crown and the edge of the brim and then sweep gracefully down over one shoulder

Behind the gracefully upturned brim is a tam o'shanter crown with folds of draped softness so much favoured by the smart Parisienne for smart costumes

(Below) Chic simplicity and youthfulness and the new softness of line to which Paris is now so partial are the birthright of this black panne velvet hat from Reboux. The brim turns up around a rather high soft-looking crown and drops two feathers of monkey fur with deliberate frank artlessness

Feathers trimmed with feathers—that's what had happened here. Small feather flues make the toque itself, and graceful plumes blow like a veil down the back. The reason is, they are the very newest of feathers—kasuari, by name—,and they have all the distinction of ostrich

HATS FROM BENDEL

SO EMPHATIC IS PARIS IN THE MATTER OF FEATHER TRIMMING THAT EVEN MONKEY FUR IS TAKING FEATHERY FORMS

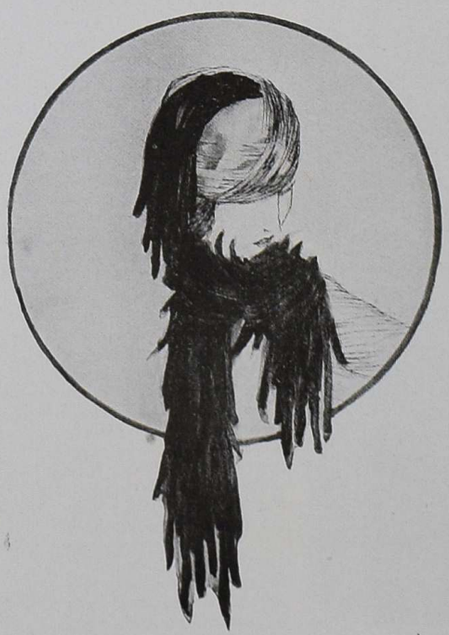
No really chic hat can afford to stand still, and the move-forward tendency in trimming is politely attended to by this Saget shape in black velvet

At the edge of the brim, a double band is observed, and here, regardless of peril, butterfly loops of black lace poise on the verge of giddy ruin

(Below) Well, this means just one more cock minus his crowning glory, for it's a narrow stole of cock's feathers on close terms of friendship with a Lewis turban of blue green metallic gauze and cock's feathers

It took its tip — and tilt — from Saget, oh, yes, and became a perfectly tailored young thing in black and white satin antique. Then the brim turned up with those new lines they all talk about and slid a quill of satin antique just behind itself for dash—a timely thought

(Below) Scarcely bigger than a minute, but as full of enchanting possibilities is this youthful Reboux hat in black satin antique (a favourite stuff of the new autumn hats), veiled with strands of monkey



HATS FROM THURN

LARGE OR SMALL, THESE HATS ALL WEAR TRIMMING, AND THEY ARE MOST FREQUENTLY OF SATIN ANTIQUE OR VELVET

SMALL FRENCH SHAPES OF SUPPLE VELVET WEAR FEATHERS CARESSINGLY

HATS FROM JOSEPH

(Right). A toque that Lewis favours this season is of golden brown velvet topped with heckle feathers to add colour to the autumn costume. But another merit, and one that is clearly visible in black and white, is its way of accentuating the piquant profile by lines that curve about from the closely fitting brim at the back

POSED BY LEONORE HUGHES

Soft in outline as the velvet which makes it so supple in texture, a snugly fitting Lewis turban illustrates the pliable unwired effect in use for autumn hats. In contrast to its pale violet hue, that shade so much esteemed, two skunk tails attach effectively at the side and hang over the shoulder

Lewis made it one sided as to trimming; so, on this twisted velvet toque, the neck feathers of that obliging bird that announces daybreak sweep down over the right ear and cheek. The cinnamon brown of the velvet is accentuated by the feathers in their natural golden shades deeply tinged with black

The hats of the moment believe in putting the best foot forward and wearing their trimming to the front. This tailored hat of tan felt has a cockade of prune coloured ostrich flues which Louise Marsey chose to match the lower part of its upturning brim in prune coloured velvet

Charlotte Fairchild

HATS *with* LEADING RÔLES *in the* AUTUMN REVIEW

POSED BY HELEN LYONS

Marguerite and Leonie embroider blue velvet with bright leather applique, and accent the forward thrust of the brim; Kurzman

"Forward," says Paris when it thinks of trimming, and this Talbot hat of navy blue velvet throws its plume to front; Thurn

NOT since the war began has woman been offered so lovely a collection of hats with such variety in shape and trimming. The new hats are distinctive in line and possess a great deal more dignity and character than has been seen in the hats of recent seasons.

Even those becoming soft effects that are put forward as the newest of new hats have distinction of line and a great deal of chic.

There have not been very many large shapes from Paris since the year of the war. But this season, timely "picture hats" reappear; a notable model is that from Hermance, on Gainsborough lines, which is sketched on page 46. These pictorial effects are very lovely and strikingly new with their sweeping lines and soft medium crowns. True to type, they are trimmed with feathers in one form or another. Ostrich is the smartest of these feather trimmings, although in some of its new and varied forms, it is almost unrecognizable. The uncurled type is most generally used, sometimes soft with its natural feathery lightness, but more often stiff with glycerine. Both are extremely smart.

Velvets in dark colours and that lovely material from the velvet family, satin antique, are used in the majority of hats which have appeared in the autumn review. Leather or kid is shown also to a certain extent, but this is regarded as more or less of a fad; while kid is a most desirable material for the early autumn hat, velvets and satin antique are the fabrics which are clearly destined to lead the season through. Satin hats, as well as taffeta hats, seem to have come to a sudden end with the new season, although there are hats that combine both these materials with velvet quite charmingly.

Charlotte Fairchild

Le Groux Soeurs taught a short-brimmed mushroom hat how to widen over the ears with a truly French accent, and in the same vernacular, to wear glycerinized ribbon loops; Kurzman

HATS OF FELT

It is noticeable that a number of the early autumn hats are of felt. Of soft felt in lovely pastel colourings and simply trimmed with a wreath of flowers or a stray pheasant feather, these hats follow the line of the medium brim mushroom hat, while close-fitting toques are made of duvetine in light tan and light grey.

The brim - line that sweeps up off the face, (*Continued on page 106*)

Nothing, nobody, is safe from the adaptive genius of the Paris hat-makers, for even that agile animal, the goat, surrendered his own natural grey and white hair to Evelyne Varon to trim an afternoon toque of silver ribbons. Here, however, the trimming waves at liberty in that extraordinary straggly effect permitted on some of the very newest hats

HATS FROM KURZMAN

To be worn when the first leaves fall, a hat fashioned by Evelyne Varon of double-faced ribbon exemplifies one of the authentic autumn modes by clinging closely at the back, thrusting forward in front, and lifting just above the eyes to a very high point. This turning of the brim reveals the bright satin side in contrast to the moire crown

POSED BY HELEN LYONS

Charlotte Fairchild

Slightly Oriental as to drapery, but all French in the snugness of its back and the forward tendency of its line, is a small toque originated by Jeanne Baron in a delightful shade of golden brown, enhanced by gilt-tipped ostrich feathers of the same shade tucked into the draping at the back. On the new hats, ostrich feathers are again much in evidence

THE PARISIENNE FINDS PROFILE THE MORE HAUNTING FOR AN UNEVEN AURA OF TRIMMING, THE MORE YOUTHFUL FOR A THRUST OF BRIM

PARIS IS MAKING ROOM FOR WIDER SKIRTS

But In the Present Catholic Mode, a Gown May Still Prefer the Straight and Narrow Way

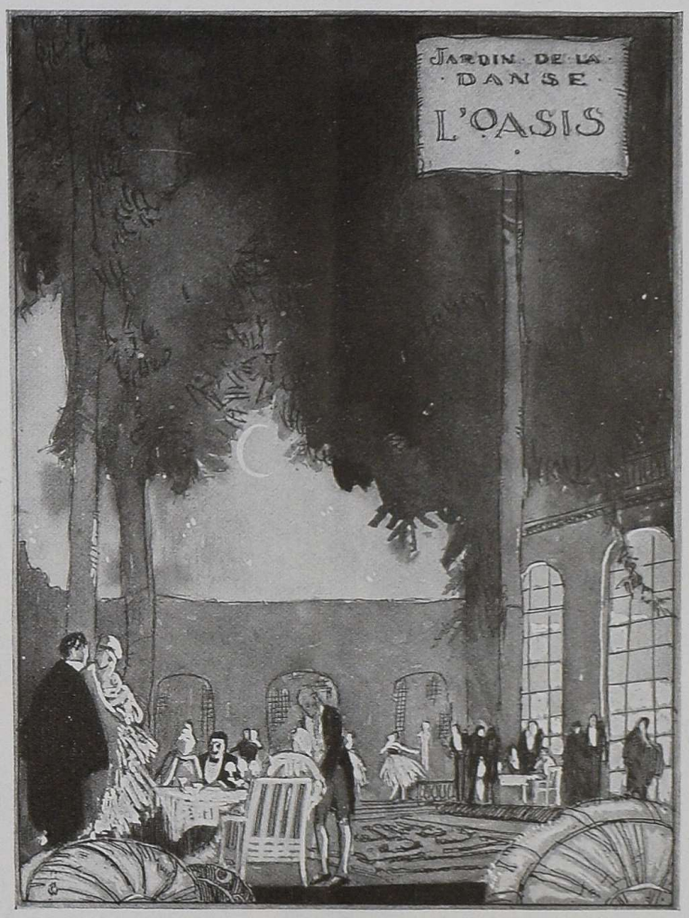
TO those with imagination, there is a particular attraction about the high grey stone walls found in the heart of Paris, glimpses of trees above them and great impressive gates set in them, leading to some green paradise of garden and a stately home. It is in such settings as these that the fêtes which were talked about for more than one season used to be given, when a pre-war city was still in a fête-giving mood; and more than one person felt convinced that the bad times must be really over at last on the night that "L'Oasis," the *jardin de danse*, in Poiret's garden, was opened for invited guests with a festival of light and colour. The garden was flooded with yellow and white light coming from great globes hung among the trees, and as the big summer moon rose, its rays mingled with the artificial ones like silver mingled with gold.

In corners where they would be most effective, rugs in pale colours were laid, and piles of silver and gold cushions had here and there a black one for contrast. The centre of the oblong garden was covered with a large parterre of low box hedges and flat plants in red and green; in the vague twilight this gave the effect of a huge Persian carpet spread upon the ground. All around it were arranged brightly painted chairs and tables in red, green, blue, yellow, and orange; the tables had yellow cloths upon them and one orange and one black fan each, delicately perfumed, to add an exotic touch. At one end of the garden was a platform for dancing, with an orchestra—not a jazz band—for the charm of the place is far too old-world for anything so blatantly modern.

The garden is shut from the gaze of the curious on one side by a typical Paris wall overgrown with greenery, and on the other by the façade of the grey house with its high windows illuminated from the inside in a glow of orange light. The surprise of the evening was a sudden cascade of fireworks which ran like a flame across the façade of the house and fell in a shower of golden sparks; and no sooner had we finished exclaiming over this than the line of the roof seemed to take fire and a Niagara of silver sparks rained down into the garden, sending curling wreaths of smoke, coloured like mother-of-pearl, into the night blue sky.

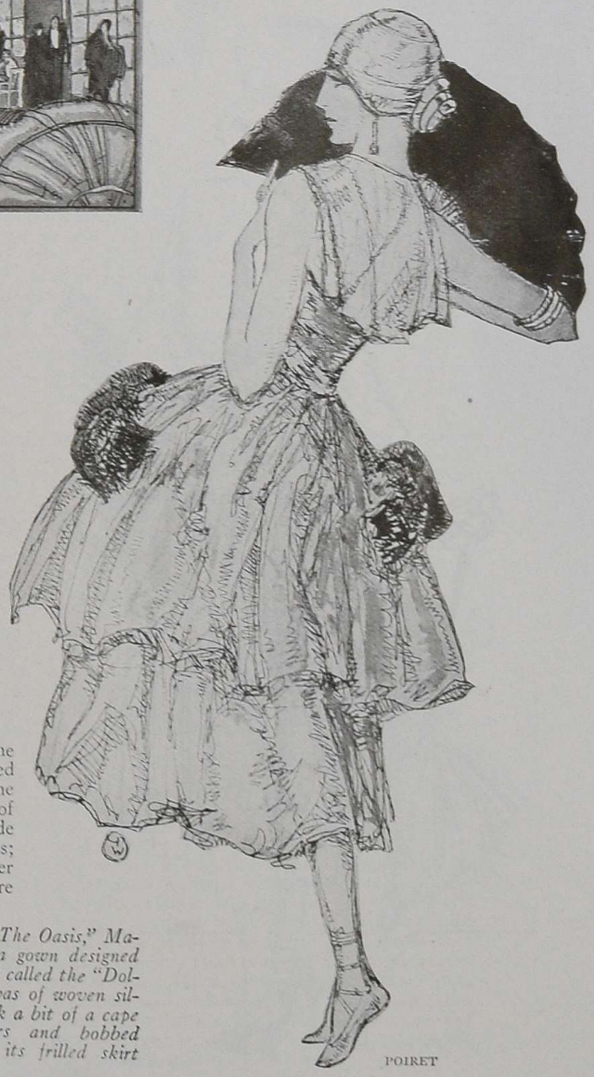
Up and down the steps leading to the platform flitted the dancers, the women in the wide-flounced skirts which have suddenly become the rage. One of the prettiest frocks is sketched on this page. It had a foundation of black velvet with two immense flounces of black Chantilly, so full that they stood out all round as if they had been wired. The bodice was a one-sided affair slashed down on one side to show a swathed corsage of silver tissue, and there was a great *choux* of the same fabric on the right hip. Mlle. d'Hinnisdal was dancing in a red tulle gown with a swathed corsage of silver and the skirt a double ruffle of immense proportions. On one arm, she had a silver band with strands of red ostrich above and below it, and her head was wrapped in a red and silver head-dress.

Madame Poiret looked like a figure from the Russian ballet, in a creation of her husband's, which he calls "Dollar Princess," and which is of an unevenly woven silver tissue and has the hips extended with crinoline and their width accentuated with two large plaques of silver fox. The corsage



More than one person felt that the bad days are over while dancing beneath the moon at the fête with which Poiret celebrated the opening of "L'Oasis." This old Paris garden lies between the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Avenue Victor Emanuel III and is to be managed by Poiret as a "jardin de danse"

Oh, yes, it is one sided, this bodice of black velvet slashed to show a corsage of silver tissue. And it flounced about the Poiret Fête with two mad ruffles of black Chantilly lace, so full that one might think them wired—but then one wouldn't



A spot of light in "The Oasis," Madame Poiret wore a gown designed by her husband and called the "Dollar Princess." It was of woven silver tissue and shook a bit of a cape over the shoulders and bobbed grey fox balls on its frilled skirt

POIRET

LANVIN

She wears a mauve ribbon on her hair—but not at all in the usual fashion, for it has been plaited into sections until, with the aid of a black patent leather band around the crown and a mother-of-pearl buckle in the front—there, now who hasn't guessed it is a new French hat?

LANVIN

No, she hasn't an eye for anything but her hat—those gay Parisiennes have a knack at covering up one good thing with another. This grey crêpe hat has a brim that says flatly that it is best to gather pink silk rosebuds while one may if one will blossom à la mode

LANVIN

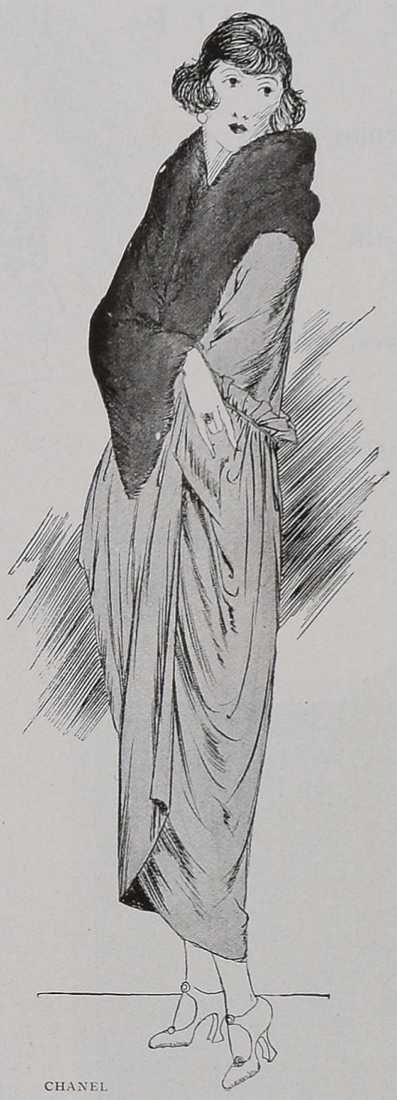
Did you ever notice how those old old picture hats are always the very newest thing? This distracting rose chiffon affair for evening hasn't a care in the world beyond running a black velvet ribbon through two folds of chiffon and then getting itself talked about for looking like an English print

LANVIN

She is all in a bustle to turn her back on you and go tripping off—oh well, what else is there to be done about a dark blue taffeta frock with sleeves that just keep on going and a skirt with two puffs in the back over a band of red beads? Aye, there's the bustle. The proper hat for this excursion, is, of course, taffeta, trimmed with large beads threaded on a red ribbon

LANVIN

Being demure is one of the best things that this autumn cape suit does, and it accomplishes it in its own naïve interpretation of blue taffeta. After it was shirred on the shoulders and given one of the vague schoolboy collars of which Paris is so fond, the whole matter was tied up with wide ribbons, and a hat of taffeta capped the climax



CHANEL

Life is just one cape after the other—those French designers have so many ideas on the subject. Here is a cape, for afternoon or evening, of taupe velvet. The snug shoulders slip under a collar of kamschatka—yes, they do spell it that way—and it's one of those furs that hide the light of their origin under a bushel of a name

CHANEL

Chanel is under a Spanish influence. He admits it, too, in this evening cape of black velvet, which suggests a bull-fighter's raiment. And it is drenched with rows and rows of ostrich fringe. In Paris, ostrich trimming is even smarter than it was last season—hats, gowns, and wraps wear these borrowed feathers wherever they go

is very low in the back, but the shoulders are covered with a swinging cape of the tissue. On her head, she wore her new coiffure which consists of silver cloth wrapped tightly over the hair and arranged in a twisted knot in the back, giving exactly the effect of silver hair dressed low. Immense earrings, one large emerald ring, and the heelless slippers of a ballet dancer completed the costume, in which she looked like an exotic princess of the Arabian Nights.

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT

Side by side with the wide flounces were straight and narrow frocks, some hung with fringe of beads, some of rich brocades, which certain women prefer to furbelows. The most typical feature of the mode, at the present time, is its catholicity; when on the same evening, one woman may wear the hoops of a Velasquez portrait, and another may wear velvet swathed so tightly around the body that she can hardly put one foot before the other, and when both are gowned unmistakably in the fashion, how can any one silhouette be said to be the mode? Individualism is the cry of the age, and individualism in dress results, among other things, in the fact that there can be no distinctively new silhouette nowadays, making real novelty of design almost an impossibility. We may revive the modes of Egypt, of Byzantium, of Greece, of Rome, or of the Middle Ages, but they have all been done before, almost within the memory of the most recent débutante, and they will hardly cause comment in their latest adaptation. The time is gone, probably forever, when one silhouette could be imposed on all of the women all of the time. We look about the well-dressed world on this eve of the August openings, and we see frocks inspired by all countries and all ages, worn in one bewildering jumble of all the feminine fashions since the modern world began.

"The only thing of which I see no indication," said one woman recently, "is the bustle."

And no sooner had she said it, than along came a Lanvin manikin wearing the taffeta frock sketched on the opposite page with its double puff of silk shirred in the back over a ribbon of red beads—an unmistakable bustle. It remains to be seen, of course, whether women will adopt and popularize it, but here it is. The other Lanvin sketch at the right on the opposite page is an autumn cape suit of navy blue taffeta with the schoolboy collar and ribbon ties which capes are now beginning to have.

ALWAYS—CAPES

There is every indication that capes will maintain their tremendous vogue, and if skirts go wide for morning wear, as they have for afternoon and evening, the cape will continue to be the most popular wrap in Paris, since it so well accommodates the skirts beneath. Everything from the millinery to the furs points to the general adoption of wide skirts. Both modistes and furriers are designing special models to go with panier gowns, and the only remaining question is whether our suits and one-piece dresses will retain their narrowness or follow the lead of more frivolous garments in fullness.

A GREAT DEAL OF OSTRICH

That Chanel will continue to sponsor the cape is indicated by the models on this page, one of which is a cape of taupe velvet for afternoon or informal evening wear. It shows a collar of a novelty fur, called kamschatka, dyed to match the velvet. The sketch at the right shows a black velvet evening cape cut like a Spanish bull-fighter's (for Chanel feels the Spanish influence strongly this season). It is trimmed with rows and rows of ostrich. The gown to wear with it is of black crêpe de Chine all fringed with ostrich, too, since whatever the August openings may hold in store for us, there is no question but that ostrich trimming is the rage at the moment for hats, gowns, and wraps, and that in the evening women go dancing along like strange birds in borrowed feathers, while their very jewellery, like Mlle. d'Hinnisdal's, is made of ostrich. The evening gown of black crêpe de Chine which Chanel has made to go with this cape is very smart indeed. Short curled tips ornament the left shoulder, and a fringe of ostrich hangs from the black satin ribbon belt that ties in back. The décolletage is in a point at one side in front and in a deep point in the back. A slit in the skirt for dancing is filled in with tulle.

ABOVE THE EYES OF PARIS

The Low Backward Sweeping Lines of Grace Are Those Which the Parisienne Adopts, and the Newest Coiffures For Evening Wear Frequently Descend To the Very Level of Her Eyes

About her hair, which is brought down over her temples, the Princess Lucien Murat has a wreath of yellow velours nasturtiums

Madame Santos-Suarez wears her splendid coronet of diamonds and great emeralds level with her dark eyebrows

Jenia Reinberg

One of those glittering head-dresses which make the nights of Paris brilliant surrounds the head of the Viscountess de Segonzac with diamonds enmeshed upon a black tulle foundation. As the crowning touch, Lewis added a motif of black plume over the forehead

EVE, as every artist since her day has known, was gifted by heaven with a glory of abundant hair. It would seem, therefore, that throughout the ages, woman should value that adornment more highly than any other, as a very symbol of femininity.

Woman, however, is not at all of that mind. As we study the various phases through which the coiffure has passed, we note with amazement the pleasure which all the daughters of Eve have taken in twisting their locks from nature's course, thinning them, torturing them even to the point of having them nearly burned off, about 1905, by artificial waving.

About a year ago appeared the fancy for cutting off what little hair remained, and to this we owe that mode of feminine faces which recall the youths of ancient Greece. It is to this same fashion of short hair that we owe the mode just now of elaborately ornamented coiffures for evening.

At the present moment, much attention is given to these elaborate coiffures, and there are many and widely differing varieties. The influence of the Orient is less marked than in recent seasons, and many of these coiffures take their inspiration from the folk costumes of France and neighbouring countries. Flowers worn in Spanish fashion, peasant head-dresses, Dutch diadems, and the tulle streamers of Boulogne are high in favour, save with such women as Madame Le Tellier, Mrs. Addison, and Madame Patri, who at evening functions invariably wear the hair softly waved and dressed low, adorned only with its own colour and the sheen that comes from perfect care; for with these women, the art of caring for the hair is more than ever honoured. Who dares count the hours that a lovely woman spends in the hands of those who serve the beauty of her hair?

Among the ornaments favoured by the coiffures of this season are cloth of silver and aigrettes or paradise, which are invariably worn slanting toward the back and never standing straight. Silver bandeaux supporting a motif in brilliants in the middle of the front, are also very smart, and it is noticeable that they are worn, more and more, crossing the forehead just above the level of the eyes. Madame Santos-Suarez follows this mode in the wearing of a diadem set with magnificent emeralds. Some youthful heads are crowned with very narrow bands of blond tulle on which a string of jewels is mounted.

Although of many kinds, these ornaments of the coiffure have one thing in common—all emphasize horizontal rather than vertical lines, a mode which lends effect to the eyes and the oval of the face.

However much disguised it has been, it is unquestionably Greek influence which has prevailed in our costumes during the past seven or eight years. The mode is both rational and beautiful.

To the gaiety of evening gatherings, the most brilliant contribution of the Parisienne, beside herself, is her elaborated coiffure. A whole chapter on the mode of evening headgear is in a coronet fashioned by d'Estel of silver embroidery, which rests, as it should, above the eyes of the Viscountess de Ste. Croix and clasps a sideward and backward whirl of those favoured paradise feathers

A wise and tantalizing hat it was, to be fashioned by Evelyne Varon from so naïve an origin as mauve grosgrain ribbon, for it knew how to shadow the eyes and to reveal the hair in a fashion purely French. And this is the way Madame Gould wore it with a mother-of-pearl buckle in front

Such are the milestones of the modish head of hair, first curled, then bobbed entirely off,—and now garbed by d'Estel in the shimmering richness of a cap of orange mousseline de soie. As if to echo the lovelier lights just below, the Parisienne delights to wear about her brows a strand of diamonds, and so the Viscountess de Ste. Croix wears them and weights the cap over her ears by a fringe of silver

(Left) For evening, French headdresses have exchanged their heavenward aspirations for horizontal lines. A long plume of ostrich banded to the forehead of the Princess Lucien Murat with a strand of brilliants conceals the top of her head and sweeps across the back in a way both feminine and charming

(Right) It was Evelyne Varon who tilted this small shape of black velours smartly over the eyes and up in the back over the twist of hair—a limit for wise watchers of modes. A delightful sweep of paradise feathers falls over the shoulder, a shoulder, which, by the way, belongs to Madame Gould

PARIS REVIEWS THE VICTORIOUS TROOPS

The Streets Are Filled with Rejoicing Crowds, and The Parisienne Hesitates Amid a Wealth of Conflicting Festivities to End by Choosing Them All

As I write my impressions of these weeks of rejoicing, I am filled with regret that all those who during the past four years have taken so active a part in the war can not be here now to take part in this great national fête when all Paris is vibrant with emotion. A year ago, they saw Paris deserted and in agony, passing through one of the severest crises it had ever encountered. To-day, they would see it enthusiastic, overflowing with life, and crowded as never before. Wonderful to see are the sumptuous decorations which have been prepared for the review of the victorious troops.

Newest of new modes is to match gloves to bag and to fringe both, Sioux fashion

All the streets are hung with garlands from window to window, down all their length; flagpoles at the corners are hung with flags and baskets of flowers, strings of lights cover the fronts of all the monuments, and festivity is everywhere—a fête arranged and desired by millions of hearts and doubly joyous because it has been so long awaited.

While the people are enjoying these magnificent fêtes, social life becomes more madly joyous than before. One no longer knows where to go or which invitation to accept. Dinners, balls, lunches at restaurants, all these gatherings demand a continual renewal of costumes of distinction, all of which contributes to keep the great makers on their mettle.

None the less, material existence is still beset with difficulties. Taxis are so rare that one is driven to despair. One entreats a chauffeur as one might entreat the bounty of the gods. We set out for the ball without an idea as to how we are to return. Assuredly, we shall return somehow, perhaps in the carriage of some generous friend; but whatever our fate, we can not resist the opportunity to live again in the gaiety of the years before the war.

The great fête given at the Hôtel Doudeauville for the benefit of the Polish Red Cross was such a success that one would have believed oneself at some public meeting, rather than at an affair to which the entrance fee was a hundred francs. As usually happens in such cases, the crowd was gathered from every rank, the intellectual world, the world of fashion, the demi-monde, and the world of the theatre. Nor were there lacking the newly rich, those who yesterday lived in total ignorance of the uses of gloves and veils, and who still are unenlightened as to the art of placing a pin or the graceful way of tilting a hat. Thus I saw no less than three brooches on the same bodice, and I noticed cape lines of a past mode, balanced on curls equally out of fashion. True enough, but I also saw women delightfully dressed, such as the Vicountess de Segonzac, whom the unseasonable weather had obliged to wear one of those fringed mantles, grey green in colour and immensely smart. Equally charming was Madame de Mier in her one-piece frock of black crêpe de Chine with a fringed girdle; she was wearing a wrap of zibeline.

For Mlle. Olga Edwards, Paquin has created a brown satin frock which hints of the slashed doublet of mediæval days and is draped and knotted at the skirt hem

The Countess Pierre de Pange wears a black satin cape which makes no effort at secrecy regarding its lining of Mongolian goat

Madame Edwards meets the victory festivities in a shimmering cape of orchid moire antique, generously ruched with its own self

SIMPLICITY IN FUR WRAPS

In passing, I note that a simple wrap of sable vison or chinchilla is again in fashion, doubtless because of the favour now accorded to the cape, from which it is derived. In any case, it is a type very warm and very becoming.

Madame de Cartassac, the daughter of the Duke de Tamamés, was most distinguished in a redingote of white silk jersey with front of black silk jersey, a very striking effect. The Duchess of Doudeauville, who filled an official rôle on that day, was dressed for her part in a costume of lilac mousseline de soie over a foundation of silver lace. With it, she wore an orchid hat.

Mlle. Sorel, Mme. Jeanne Granier, and many other actresses were selling roses, which, for that day, were not taxed—not that the price was less on that account.

The same evening, I went to dinner in the Bois. Joyous parties were everywhere, a wild mixture, but typical of Paris. Everywhere, there were light coloured frocks; I noted particularly the prevalence of white accented with silver. A few women wore hats, others were bare headed with elaborate coiffures, often exaggerated, as, it must be admitted, much that we do at present is exaggerated. This is not to be regretted, however, for it is an intensity of life which succeeds the intensity of dullness, and is a matter for congratulation and occasion to draw a long breath of relief, and this seemed to

(*Continued on page 108*)

THE CHILDREN OF YUGO-SLAVIA PROFIT BY THIS TEA-ROOM "CANARY COTTAGE," IN THE FRICK GARDEN AT PRIDE'S CROSSING

(Right) In this bright corner in "Canary Cottage," pale green tables and china bring the out-of-doors indoors to tea, and curtains, flowers, and waitresses' gowns are the colour of yellow sunshine

(Left) Miss Marjorie Thomas is serving tea to Mrs. Marshall Fabyan, Mrs. Herbert Mason, and Mrs. Gerald Branwell. After tea, there are lovely garden hats to be seen and had, too

(Above) Miss Helen Frick, vice-chairman of "Canary Cottage," posed for Miss Genevieve Ross, who makes silhouettes at the cottage

(Below) "Doughboy," a Belgian police dog, who won fame and friendship in the war, will be sold for the benefit of the cause

Mrs. Robert Means is among the waitresses who are working for the cause, and for every tea served, there is money in the treasury to feed the hungry little Yugo-Slavs

Mrs. George Simpson is chairman of the Hat Department which effectively shares with the tea, dancing, and special music in making "Canary Cottage" a striking success

"Doughboy" lends his protection to Mrs. John Heard, junior, captain of the waitresses, and Mrs. William G. Mitchee. All funds raised by "Canary Cottage" are disbursed by Mr. Hoover

At "Canary Cottage," a tea-room at Wenham, Massachusetts, well-known women, under the honourary chairmanship of Mrs. E. Henry Harriman, labour to alleviate the suffering in Yugo-Slavia

Baron de Meyer

MISS AUDREY OSBORNE

Miss Audrey Osborne, who is a well-known figure in many of the social, art, and charitable activities in New York, is spending a pleasant summer at Southampton, Long Island. There she is getting some of the rest she earned by the latest and most absorbing of her activities, which was to assist in directing the ward work at Debarkation Hospital No. 3 established in the old Greenhut store

THE CROWNING DIGNITY OF MAN

Kings May Fall and Republics Go by the Board, Feminine Modes May Come and Go, but Neither Age Nor Time nor Absurdity Can Quell the Top-hat

By CAMILLE DE LATOUR

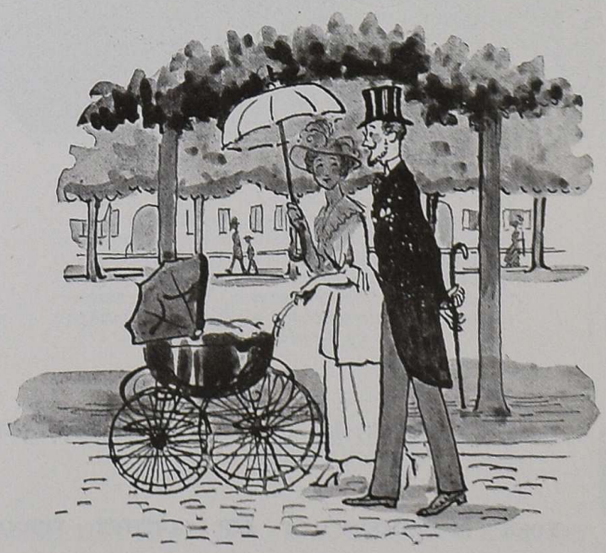
The perfect beau, of course, the beau of tradition, was master even of the top-hat

JOY has returned again to our lives; our happiness is complete. The war has sent back our men to the fireside, and once more we may know the happiness of home, the delight of being loved and petted. Why should a cloud come to shadow such felicity? Why is it that the moment they rejoice our hearts by appearing again in civilian clothes, our husbands must bring to light again the ridiculous high hat that we thought was gone forever? It was one of our consolations that the mobilization had done away with it, and we hoped that we should never see it again — vain hope! When I say "we," I exaggerate perhaps, but it is without intention. Perhaps there are still in the country, and even in Paris, women who regard the high hat as the height of distinction. There are women, no doubt, to whom an escort in top-hat is a matter for justifiable pride. Not of that opinion am I, however, nor do I believe that the majority of Parisiennes share such a delusion.

For the first two years of the war, we delighted in the idea that this absurd head-dress was a thing of the past. Neither men nor women wore formal costumes. The soldier went to the theatre in uniform, the civilian in tuxedo. One married, one buried one's friends in service cap or small hat. No mode regulated the size or the dimensions of this hat, and it was stiff or soft, round or dented, with border wide or narrow as suited the fancy of the wearer. Each man chose the hat which suited his character and his face, and it was all very delightful. Not the shadow of the high hat troubled our serenity, and no one thought of wishing for it—not even the unmobilized contemporaries of the late Prince de Sagan.

The dandies of de Musset's day posed it with admirable grace upon their curling hair

But, oh no, it was not dead, this famous high hat. It had but gone into voluntary oblivion for the period of the great storm which shook the world. Like a king in exile, it watched the course of events, awaiting recall by the faithful. Two years later, it made its triumphal return on the head of a leader of one of our great and friendly Allies, on the head of an English minister, to be exact. I conceal his name, for it was, in my opinion, a bad day's work which he did.



Of course, there are still, in the good and beautiful country, women who thrill with pride over an escort in top-hat

Woman combats with fury—but can we say with consistency?—this attachment to a thing so ugly and so awkward

Since then, the top-hat continues its way. Every visit of a king, a prince, or a president brings out thousands. Every official head is covered with one and uncovered from one when greetings are in order. M. Arthur Meyer himself aided its return. On the day of Armistice, before the last announcing cannon had ceased to re-echo, he donned his impeccable shining high hat of July, 1914, and set out to reinstate in its pre-war place on the boulevards and in every political or social gathering that emblem of masculine distinction. Now the deadly work is done; the high hat is present at every public or private function; one sees it at the theatre, in the restaurants, at the Peace Conference; it is become again the subject of endless discussion in the newly reunited families.

To man, this matter of hats may seem indeed of little consequence, but woman combats with fury this attachment to a thing so ugly, a thing which makes the strongest masculine face absurd in her eyes. Who knows? Perhaps a part of her feeling is bitterness against this single fidelity of the most faithless of beings.

From every point of view, it is heavy, this high hat; yet it offers no resistance to even the slightest breeze. In Hyde Park, where it made its début some hun-

(*Continued on page 107*)

Perhaps it is that she resents this single fidelity of perennially faithless man

The most decorative features of the living-room are the ornaments beside the mantelpiece—coral in vitrines with pagoda tops. A Chinese rug spreads its pattern before the hearth, and on the black satin sofa are yellow and coral-trimmed blue cushions

(Below) The unusual colour scheme of apple green walls with old-gold curtains, a black carpet, and black and gold cushions, has been used for Mrs. Vernay's dressing-room. The furniture is black and green lacquer with one or two pieces of satinwood

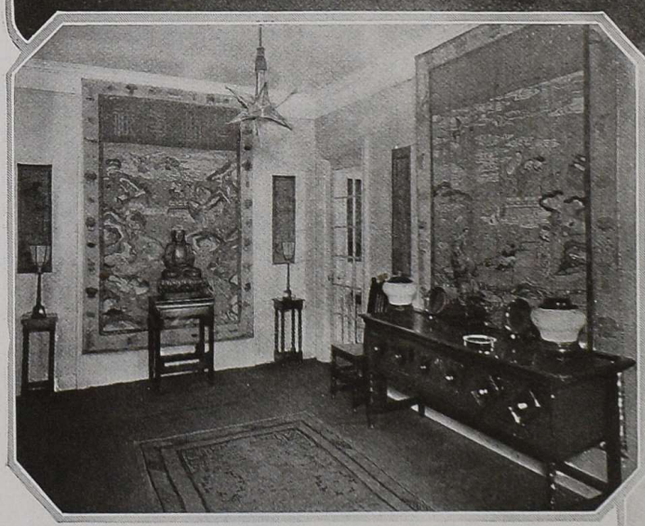
Mattie Edwards Hewitt

In the dining-room, Chippendale chairs of fine design—dating back to 1760—and a Sheraton sideboard with pedestals and urns of the same period, reproduce the spirit of the English eighteenth century. The walls are a soft grey tone, the carpet blue, and the Chinese curtains, blue and terra-cotta. Above the sideboard hangs a bird painting by Hondekoeter

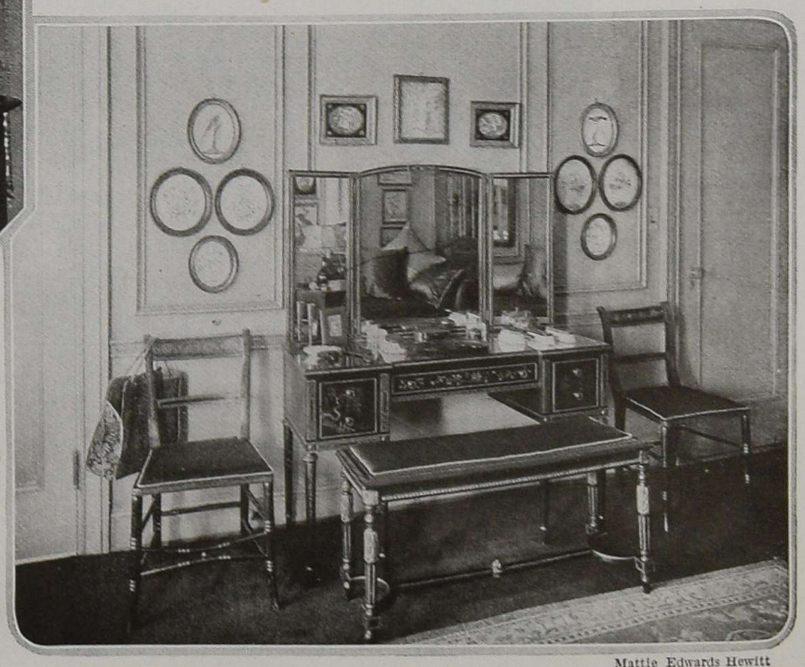
HAPPY RESULTS IN COLOUR MARK THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF MR. ARTHUR VERNAY

The living-room is panelled and painted a deep ivory tone, which is pleasing against the soft blue ceiling. All the furniture is old and very interesting, and though of many periods, it has been harmoniously assembled. A Chippendale mirror is noteworthy

(Below) In Mrs. Fernay's dressing-room, part of a collection of old English needlework pictures is grouped around the black lacquer dressing-table with its accompanying stool and chairs. The pictures have been so arranged that they form a design



Chinese tapestries of the Kien-Lung period contribute to the Oriental atmosphere of the entrance-hall, of which the walls are Caen stone and the floor is covered with an elephant coloured carpet. The decorated dresser with its molded front holds two "clair de lune" porcelain vases of the Khang-Hi period. A Spanish lantern forms the centre light of this room



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

THE FURNISHINGS OF MANY PERIODS, WISELY SELECTED, HERE LIVE IN DECORATIVE HARMONY

For the first act of "Cleopatra's Night," which is to be the American opera to have its première of this season at the Metropolitan, huge lotus-topped columns dominate the setting called "The Bath of Cleopatra." For this new opera by Henry Hadley, Norman-Bel Geddes designed scenery, costumes, and lighting

MAKERS OF MUSIC

The Metropolitan Adds New Stars to Its Notable Company, Opéra Comique Enters Its Second Season, and the Symphonic Orchestras Promise Brilliantly

By GRENVILLE VERNON

THE music season is about to make its annual Phoenix-like ascension from the ashes of its past. Music seasons are a series of rebirths, and, as in life, the prophet who forecasts their history may very likely go far astray. In music, however, we have some facts to go upon, and these facts are now of sufficient number to make it possible to determine the main outlines of the season of 1919-1920. The war has ended, but in Europe, conditions still appear as chaotic musically as economically, and, as the great tragedy has been evocative neither of distinguished artists nor notable works, it will probably be too much to look forward to a season of surpassing brilliance. After all, music in America is still largely an imported luxury. Our soil produces singers as fine as those of any other country, and many admirable instrumentalists, but, in the higher reaches of creative music, we are still in our novitiate as compared with the Old World.

Yet, with all our disadvantages, we possess the leading musical theatre of the world. The Metropolitan Opera House is the goal of the operatic artist, no matter of what race, and we do well to hold this supremacy with jealous care. Before sailing for Europe, Signor Gatti-Casazza announced that all the great singers of the company would be retained. Caruso, Farrar, Barrientos, Matzenauer, Easton, Hackett, Martinelli, Didur, De Luca, Chalmers, Mardones, Garrison—all are to be with us again, while Pasquale Amato, after a year's absence, is to come back with renewed vocal powers. It is even rumoured that Lucrezia Bori, whose loss to the world of opera was a veritable tragedy, may again rejoice New York audiences. One can only hope that the report which comes from Spain that she has recovered her voice may be true; her coming would lend to the season a brilliance the more welcome as it has been unexpected. Of the new names, the greater part are American, though Gabriella Besanzoni, an Italian contralto who is said to be of the first rank, and Milo Picco, a baritone heard last season at two performances of "L'Amore dei Tre Re," are also announced.

Of the Americans, the keenest interest attaches to Orville Harrold, the American tenor who was originally found in vaudeville by Oscar Hammerstein. Mr. Harrold's career has been one of the inexplicable things in opera. His rise was meteoric, his fall and absolute eclipse no less sudden. After three seasons in New York and London, where his glorious voice was the talk of the operatic world, he entered musical comedy and vaudeville. At the Century Opera House, he made an attempt to win back his old position, and, as Romeo, proved himself at last a finished artist,—but the gain in his dramatic art was accompanied by the loss of his voice. A period of oblivion followed until, last season, he suddenly appeared at the Park Theatre as a member of the Society of American Singers, singing the finest Hoffman ever heard in New York and one of the best performances of the rôle of Pinkerton. His career at the Metropolitan will be watched with eager interest by a large audience of admirers.

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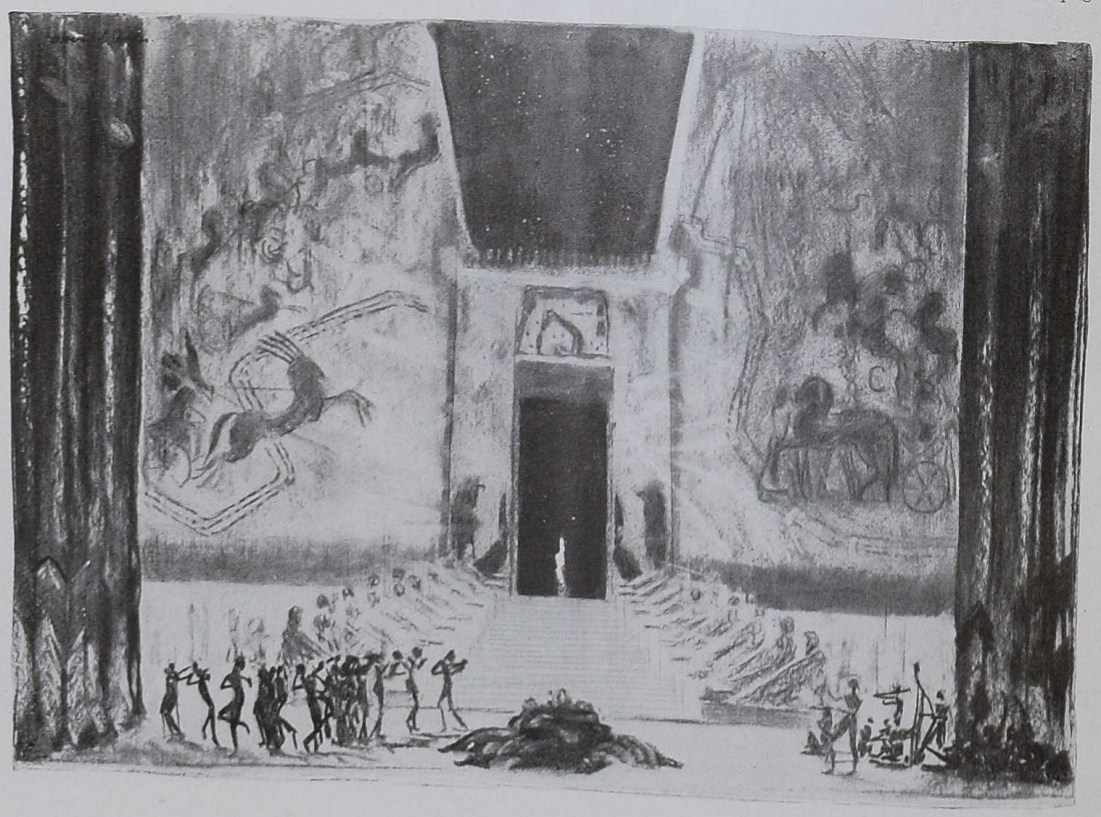


Tiny Egyptian figures on the stage show by contrast the vast space of the decorated "Feast Hall"

This is the setting planned by Norman-Bel Geddes for the second act of "Cleopatra's Night"

SEEN *on the* STAGE

The Murderous Melodrama Opens the Early Season in New York

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

Monroe

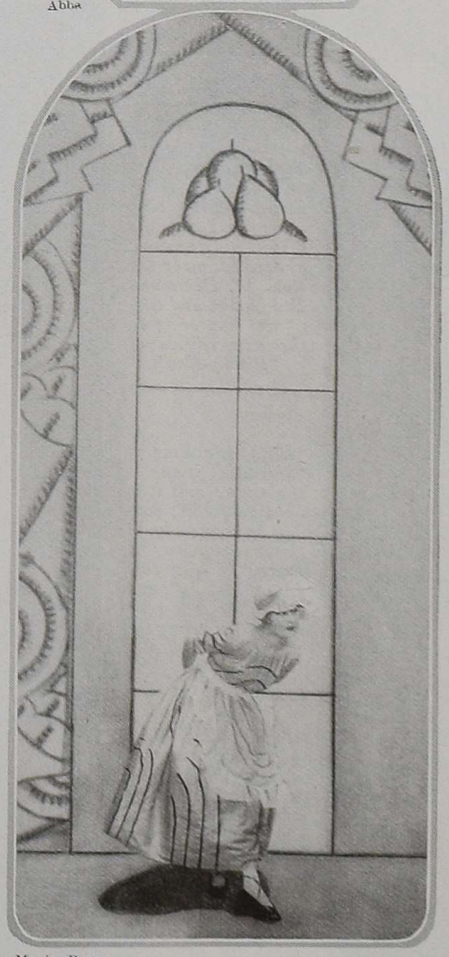
Happy is she who is successful in a successful play. In this instance, "she" stands for Olive Wyndham and "A Voice in the Dark" for a highly successful play

Abba

(Right) Gilda Gray has sung and danced straight into Broadway fame by her "Beale Street Blues" in "Gaieties of 1919"

Maurice Goldberg

Irene Fenwick, who makes us remember "The Song of Songs" and her many dramatic successes, is now the bright star of "Those Who Walk in Darkness"



Maria Pearson

(Below) At the new Art Theatre, London, Dorothy Stuart gave a novel rendering as Gypsy in Farquhar's "Beaux' Stratagem"

THE calendar of theatregoing in New York has come lately to resemble a serpent that has swallowed its own tail. In the orderly old days before the war, the theatre season was inaugurated formally on Labor Day, with the planetary reappearance of John Drew at the Empire Theatre, and was concluded, with the advent of hot weather, in the early weeks of June. Dramatic exhibitions were foregone throughout the summer months, when most New Yorkers were away on their vacations; but entertainment was provided for imprisoned swelterers by non-dramatic "summer shows," produced for the most part upon roofs, where smoking was permitted and drinks were served (it was possible, alas, to order drinks in the orderly old days!) and the auditorium was open to the stars. In recent years, however, the dramatic season has been more and more extended by late lingerings and adventurous early openings, until at last the two extremes have met and passed each other and the non-dramatic "summer shows" have been called upon to compete in mid-July against straight plays belonging both to the going and to the coming season. The business of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," which is always the finest of the summer shows (all others, admittedly, are imitations) has not been hampered by this newly initiated competition; and a question arises as to where the public comes from that is willing to patronize a group of murderous melodramas in July.

PLAYS FOR THE SUMMER VISITOR

New York is still empty of New Yorkers (or, at least, the women-folk of the metropolis, who constitute the paying public for the drama) from June until September; but it is now crowded to capacity throughout the summer months with visitors from other parts of the country. This new condition is one of the minor results of the world upheaval which began in the summer of 1914. Thousands of people from the smaller towns—particularly from the middle-western states—who had saved a little money and were wont to educate themselves by a summer trip to Europe were cut off from this custom by the advent of the war and were driven to the alternative of seeking evidences of the larger life of the world in the American metropolis. For these people, New York (out of season) has become a summer resort, even as Paris (out of season) used to be. In the days before the war, the Théâtre Français was supported mainly throughout July and August by American visitors from Omaha and Oklahoma; and these same visitors must now be entertained by the theatre in New York. This summer, also, the metropolis has been crowded with thousands of other visitors who came to the great harbour to welcome home heroic relatives returning to be demobilized from our huge Army overseas; and these thousands also have sought the theatre, as one of the traditional institutions of New York.

THE AUDIENCE DOES THE TRAVELLING

As a result of this new influx, a condition has been created whereby it is no longer necessary for the managers to go to the expense of sending plays "upon the road," since they can merely keep, or show, their plays upon Broadway and permit the public of "the road" to assume the expense of travelling to New York to see them. This economic calculation is absolutely reasonable and must be accepted as the only sound basis for the recent extension of the theatre season in New York. From the critical point of view, however, it is only fair for any open-minded commentator to accept the reservation that the new plays offered in July are intended for the entertainment of audiences from "the road" and are not expected to be judged by the more experienced

and sophisticated public of the metropolis—cynical New Yorkers.

Now that the one sound economic reason for the recent extension of the theatre season in New York has been indicated honestly, it can not be unfair to say that the remaining reasons result apparently from a persistent naïveté of mind on the part of our producing managers. It has frequently been stated in these pages that the few people who control the theatre in America conduct its destinies not as a business but a gamble; by their own repeated statements, they must be regarded as gamblers instead of business men. As gamblers, they are subject to unreasonable superstitions; and the average theatre-manager is just as absurdly superstitious as the average player of professional baseball.

AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION

One of the unreasonable superstitions of the theatre is that, if the current run of a successful play is interrupted—for any reason whatsoever—the intermitted run can never be successfully resumed. This superstition accounts for the artificial extension of the waning theatre season. Managers of pieces that are playing to big business in May are persuaded to permit their attractions to straggle miserably to an end in mid-July, instead of taking the unsuperstitious step of closing up their shop upon the first of June and reopening it—"for business as usual"—upon the first of September. Fortunately, this enervating superstition is to be challenged this year by so fine an artist and so appealing an adventurer as John Barrymore. Because he deemed that a vacation was needed by his brother and himself, he insisted upon the closing of "The Jest" in the middle of June, when the piece was playing to capacity; and he has announced his intention of resuming the interrupted run of this play in the middle of September. If Mr. Barrymore succeeds in this adventure, he will do the theatre a great service by exploding an ancient managerial superstition.

ANOTHER SUPERSTITION

It happens very often that several plays of the same generic type are conceived and written simultaneously by several different authors and are accepted for production by several different managers. (The reasons for this recurrent phenomenon—which has to be accepted by the critic simply as a fact—might serve as the starting-point of an investigation by some such thorough student of psychology as the late William James.) In such a case, there is a superstition among our gambling managers that the earliest production of the group is the one most likely to be rewarded with success. There appear to be no facts to support this superstition. Of four or five productions of the same sort, the likeliest survivor seems to be—upon the evidence before us—the best of the lot, indeed, instead of the first of the same lot. Last season, for example, when half

(*Continued on page 103*)

Putnam and Valentine

When it comes to dancing—as it always does sooner or later—then it comes to Florence O'Denishawn whose very name suggests the school of dancing presided over by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn and who is now appearing in the new edition of "Hitchy-Koo"

Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Left) Alta King as "Serenade" is one of the pretty girls it is hard to forget, melody or no melody, in the song number, "A Pretty Girl Is Just Like a Melody"; and the latter is a good reason for seeing the "Follies of 1919"

(Right) Gay Alden is a lovely thing that happens in the chorus of the "Greenwich Village Follies." As one of the famous artist's models, she is decidedly worth while. The performance has escaped the confines of the "Village" for Broadway

Maurice Goldberg

A R T

By MARION E. FENTON

SUMMER exhibitions this year have, as is usual with New York summer exhibitions, done honour to the American artist, many of them to the entire exclusion of foreign work. Of course, the summer exhibition which is to continue throughout September at the Knoedler Galleries is of exceptional interest and quality. The galleries seem, as a rule, to have given more than common thought to their summer exhibitions, encouraged thereto, no doubt, by the unusual activity of the season and the great numbers of people who have gathered in New York despite the warm weather.

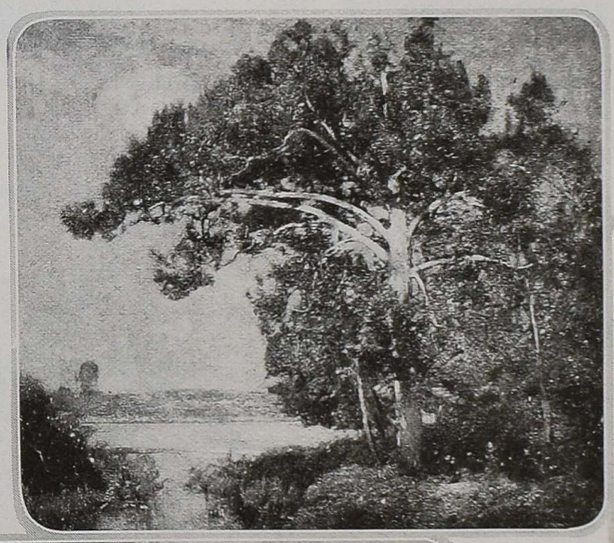
In all, there are forty-five paintings in the Knoedler exhibition, little that is really new and many old friends, but paintings of merit and many of them the work of artists whose names rank high among present-day painters. In the place of honour hangs the Sargent portrait of "Mrs. Moore," a canvas painted far back in 1884 when Sargent was devoting his keenness and skill to interpretation in portraits. While not conspicuously among his best portraits, this canvas is an excellent example of the brilliancy and the keen reading of character which played so large a part in the building of Sargent's fame as a portrait painter.

Among the canvases of special note are two by the late William M. Chase, both of them high and narrow, in which he has sought to emphasize, by large space, the relative smallness of the children he depicts. "At Play," painted thinly on a fine canvas, shows a softness and greyness of colour fading into the deeper greyness of background in the manner of which Whistler was past master. In decided contrast to this, both in mood and in method, is "Master Roland Dana Chase," a very distinguished small gentleman in white and carrying cane and gloves, painted firmly against a tapestry background of landscape — effective, finished, and quite as complete in itself as is the small man it depicts. It is among the most interesting of the Chase portraits of children.

Here again is the familiar "Girl with Cat" by Cecelia Beaux, and there is also a brilliant canvas, "Fisherman's Family" by George Bellows, which glows with all the blue and the freshness of the breeze-swept sea. By Rockwell Kent is a blue island in a green sea, more decorative than

(*Continued on page 90*)

Among the most engaging child portraits by the late William M. Chase, is a portrait of his son recently shown at the Knoedler Galleries



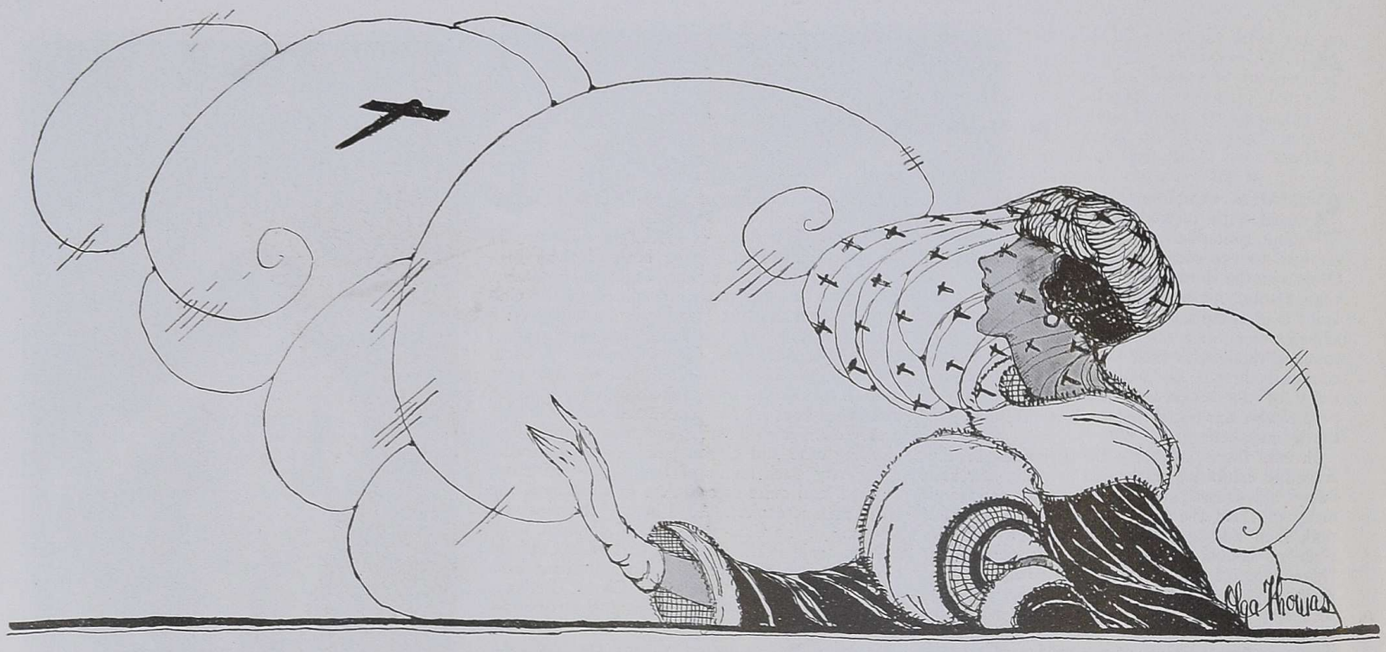
(Right) The summer exhibition at the Young Galleries includes a finely decorative landscape fresh from the brush of Emil Carlsen

(Left) An addition to the collections of the Metropolitan Museum is the portrait of Madame Lebane by the French classicist, Ingres

© Sargent Kendall

(Left) "Phantasmata," by Sargent Kendall, plays with a theme enthralling to every painter — reality and illusion

Seldom has even Potthast dealt more skilfully with the sea-beach than in this canvas recently at the Young Galleries



While the masculine mind considers soberly the various industries which the aeroplane will revolutionize, feminine wit has already seized upon that important invention to revolutionize veils. What better way to hail the upward soaring of the human race than to don a yard or so of wide-meshed black veiling which flies a whole host of tiny aeroplanes; veil from Altman

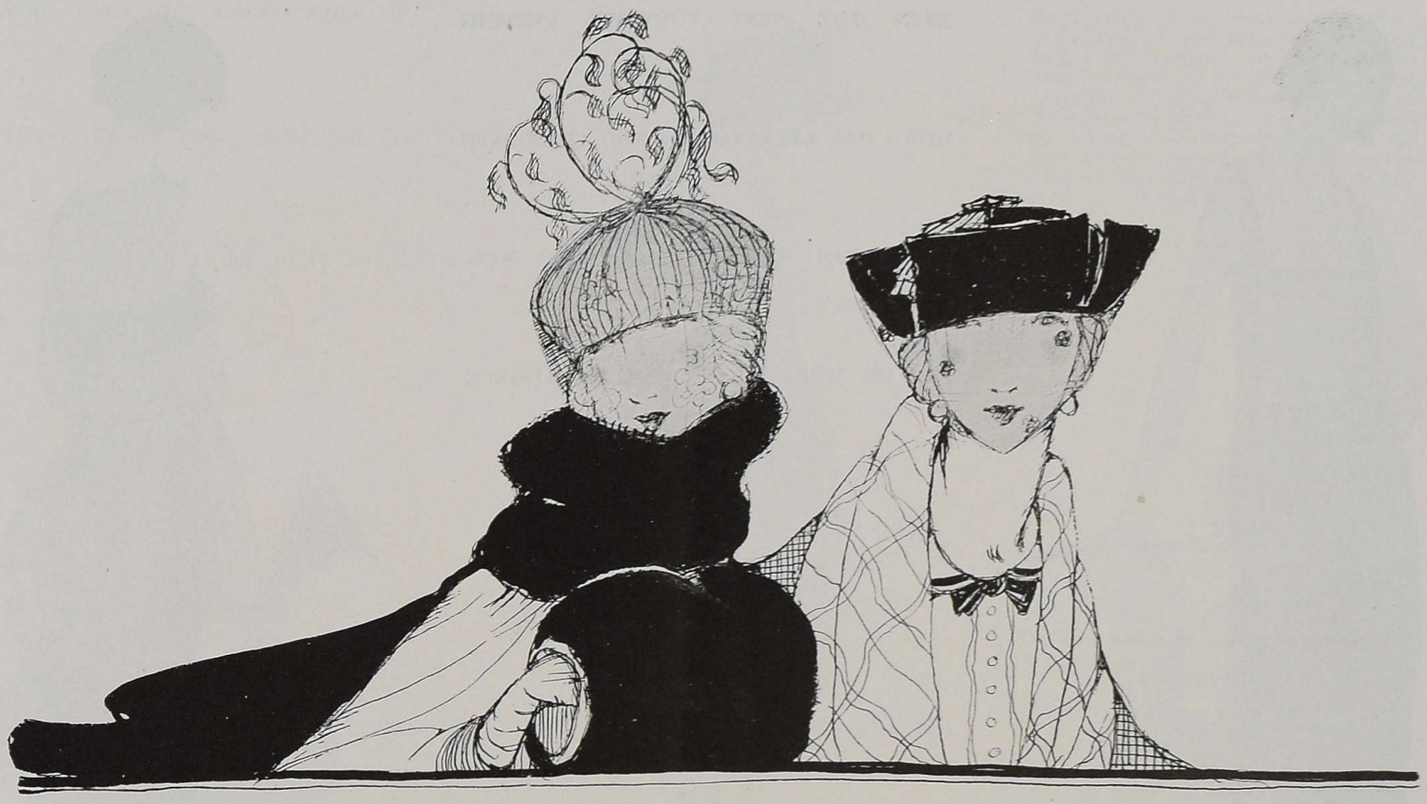
THE GRACE OF FLOWING LINES IS THE THEME OF AUTUMN VEILS WHICH TAKE THEIR CUE FROM PARIS

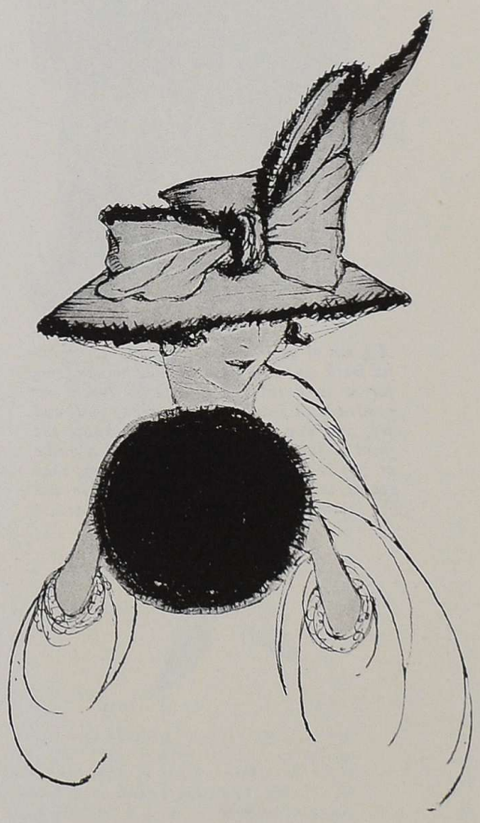
The new veils share the enthusiasm which all recent modes have shown for metal threads. Here deft use is made of threads of gold hand-worked into the border of fine cotton net which edges this square black veil of wide open octagonal mesh; from Altman

When a circular black veil has a gay border design embroidered in cotton threads, it may be trusted to have a trick or two of its own. Attached to the top of a smart little Evelyne Varon toque, it may blow about the face in a hide-and-seek way, or it may fly back to reveal the whole secret of the hat of black satin antique and silver ribbon; from Kurzman

The loosely floating veil of this season, when not held to formality by a strictly tailored costume, may become a very decorative affair. This brown veil of wide diagonal mesh has a border of finer mesh with a fern pattern in matching thread; from Altman

The filet mesh is well assured of approval for the coming season, and a delightful interpretation of it appears in this square veil, delicately and quaintly taupe, which is heavily embroidered with silk threads forming a wide border; from Altman





Soft plaits (left) climb the rounded sides of a small black velvet turban and arrive at a spray of ostrich and osprey which have been fashioned with charming absurdity into branches and leaves reminiscent of the woodland. If one has a weakness for things military, a chic way to indulge it is to wear a hat of black velvet (right) with a brim cut in four sectors that turn straight up from the face and stand at attention all the way around. And, of course, one's discipline is not at all to blame if the bit of grosgrain ribbon which binds the brim and ornaments the top, peeps out at the side with very feminine curiosity

MODELS FROM LITTWITZ

(Right) Flowers are wise enough in their way, but they never could have thought of wearing their petals as this hat does,—in two picot-edged rows, one the tiniest bit shorter than the other. But when a hat is of soft taupe velvet with a tam-o'-shanter crown, lovely and youthful in line, it is not only apt to do such things, but it may even have the ingenuity to attain a large pearl ornament in front

A world of mischief can be accomplished by a pair of eyes half hidden by the soft drooping brim of a large, high-crowned, velvet hat. For when a fair young thing knows that her hat is in the very newest shade of golden brown and that it conforms absolutely to the latest dictates of fashion, being skunk-trimmed round brim and bow, she is apt to show no quarter

BEFORE THE FIRST LEAF TURNS, THE FIRST AUTUMN HAT HAS DECLARED THE WAY OF AUTUMN MILLINERY

EVEN THE VERY YOUTHFUL EVENING GOWN HAS EXTRAVAGANT AND ELABORATE TENDENCIES THAT POINT TO A WINTER OF MORE THAN USUAL BRILLIANCE

MODELS FROM GIDDING

A silver lining for a very black cloud of jet fringes and cold-gleaming black paillettes is made of silver cloth on the straightest possible lines. Shoulder-straps of net, hung and embroidered with jet, do an important piece of work in holding the straight-hanging gown in place. The three rows of jet fringe are separated by bands of net glinting with paillettes

A gown of airy beaded net turns its youthful back upon admiration, and wisely, too, for it is a ravishing back of black net beaded with flowers of red, green, gold, and jet, and one is very happy to know the front is just like it. There is also a girdle of gay red, yellow, and green ribbons that comes looping down one side where the satin undership is allowed to show

Worthy of the matron's poise and charm, and especially designed to enhance them, is this gown of robin's egg blue and silver brocade that keeps its very barrel-shaped lines, though it drapes quaintly across the front and trails with dignity into a pointed train. The bodice of silver cloth is richly brilliant with pearls and rhinestones and astir with little fringes that swing brightly from the beaded motifs

GOWNS WITH THE VARIED HUES OF AUTUMN LEAVES SHOW FEMININE INCONSISTENCY IN SLEEVES AND NECK

MODELS FROM ALTMAN

Never was there a smarter street gown, nor, for that matter, a more practical one than this of golden brown duvetine bound in matching grosgrain ribbon. Its long-waisted bodice with three-quarters length sleeves, buttons over in surplice fashion and ties about to the front again. In the straight ample skirt, the fulness is adjusted by small plaits about the natural waist-line

For a gown of mahogany coloured duvetine, gold embroidered and fashioned on charming lines, a slit overtunic that is a continuation of the bodice is one of the favoured accompaniments. Another feature approved by the mode is the blousing of the bodice. Over the narrow underskirt, the fulness of the tunic is quite marked from side to front. The gold embroidery gives an exquisite contrasting colour effect

Lines that start at the shoulder to be straight up and down may incline to decidedly circular fulness at the bottom of a skirt, and that is the newest feature of this chemise dress of henna coloured duvetine. It is belted narrowly and quite low, and embroidered as to sleeves, pockets, and almost the entire skirt in rich gold thread

As if to atone for its French brevity of sleeve, a gown of sapphire blue duvetine fastens at the back all the way up to a high collar. Topping the plain gathered skirt is a bodice with two minds as to length, for in the back it is quite long. In front, however, it wrinkles up softly above a vest of cream linen exquisitely embroidered in dull colours and banded with a duvetine belt

With distinction in every line of its fine English blue serge length, this one-piece dress proclaims the penchant of autumn for ruffling things with plaitings of their own material. Sapphire blue and silver threads embroider the square neck of the long-waisted bodice. The full skirt with graduated ruflings waives all claim to a hem by turning itself in under; from Bergdorf Goodman. The lady with the long long scarf and the abbreviated skirt assumes—indeed, with evident good reason—that plaitings are the end of her existence

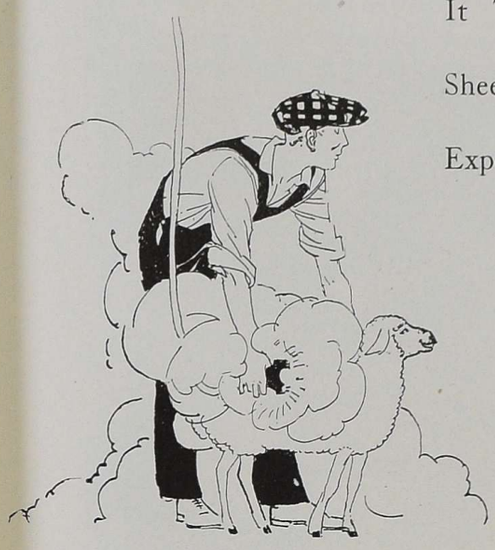
In the frock-like suit of golden brown duvetine in the middle, the double-breasted coat buttons all the way to the soft collar, but stops abruptly at the waist and the three-quarters length of sleeve. Here, however, plaitings of golden brown charmeuse carry on the good work. The modish individual who hides one long sleeve in her muff chose navy blue silk fringe at the neck to match her one-piece serge frock. Over the rather wide-hipped underskirt falls an apron on circular lines, edged with serge plaitings; Bonwit Teller

INSTIGATED BY VOLUMINOUS PLAITINGS OF THEIR OWN MATERIAL, SOME OF THE MOST RECENT SUITS AND ONE-PIECE DRESSES ARE GETTING ALL RUFFLED UP OVER THE NEW DICTATES OF THE AUTUMN MODE

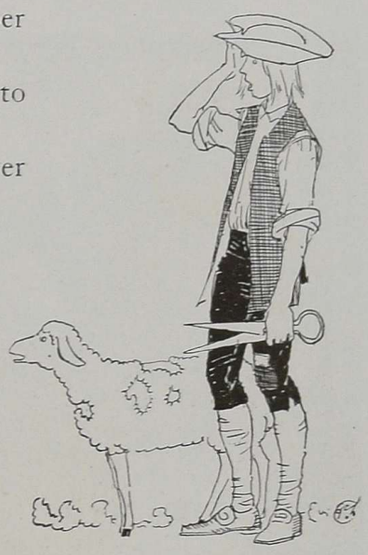
FROM MARY'S LITTLE LAMB *to* MARY'S LITTLE FROCK

It Takes a Whole Year to Put a Proper Sheep on the Shelf—and Then, Contrary to Expectation, He's More Popular Than Ever

By BETTY D. THORNLEY



To begin with, Mary's brown duvetine lived first of all on the back of an obliging sheep that attended strictly to the business of growing it and looked a lot like a fat cloud rolling along on four good-natured legs



This plaintive profile—at the left—is simply our best living example of the necessity of tempering the wind to a shorn lamb. And, in spite of his exhausted appearance, he hasn't a patch on the other gentlemen

IT was the darkest and richest and blackest brown you ever saw—one of those deep velvety browns that hide on the lower side of a pale fungus in a dim wood. Only in this case the brown lived on a very select shelf in an ultra select establishment just off Fifth Avenue. It was fifty-four inches wide, and soft beyond belief considering that it was all wool. And Daphne had just come to the conclusion that she couldn't live without a suit of it.

Monsieur himself had suggested the shade as well as the material, since Daphne had fallen quite in love with a model in one of those lovely Pompeian tones—only that Lisa had just got Pompeian, and there'd be Vesuvius to pay in the family if it turned out that there were two of them.

The obliging assistant effaced himself behind the big bolt and unrolled wonderful dusky lengths. Despite the fact that it was plain brown, there was a subtle bloom on it, and, when Daphne drew it through her fingers, it was smoother than suède.

"French, of course," she said. "Why, oh why can't we Americans ever learn how to make the very best of anything?"

Monsieur smiled. Indeed he almost twinkled at his favourite customer.

"On the contrary," he assured her, "France is wonderful—too wonderful to claim what she does not do. And the material here is American, down to its very name of 'peachbloom.' It was made in New Jersey."

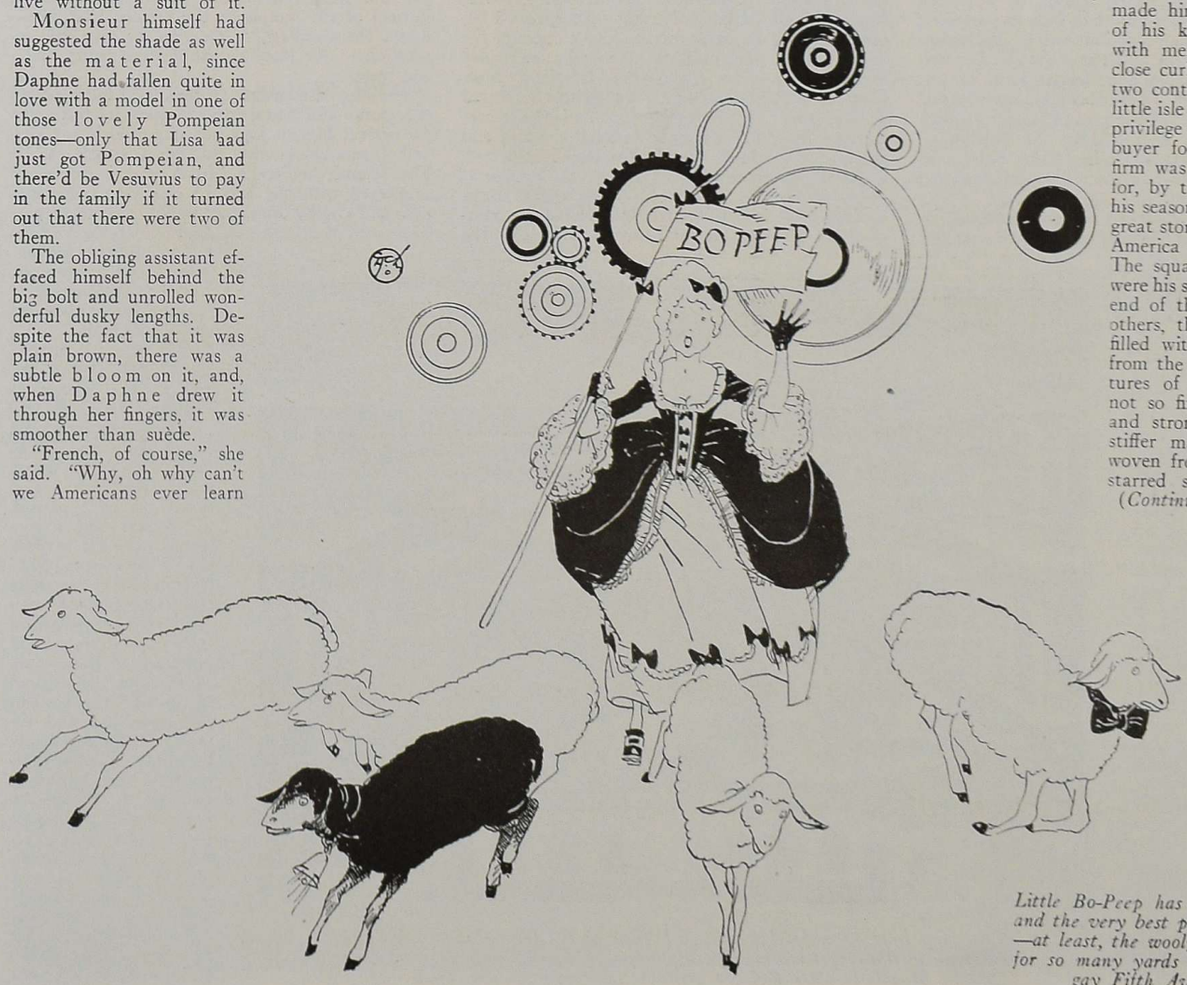
To-day, America has definitely arrived, so far as the textile field is concerned. American materials have even been taken to France to be worked on by French and American creators in collaboration. But, so new and so unknown to those outside the industry itself this success, that many American women continue to purchase their own domestic textiles more willingly when they imagine they have been imported.

The reasons for success in the textile field are the same, probably, as those that account for it in other fields—a care and attention to detail that is old-fashioned European, joined to that spaciousness of outlook that is essentially of the new world. You can't make good textiles with your eyes on speed—or size of output—or cheapness of operation. You've got to think of quality—and then more quality.

Here is the story of the kind that costs more, but looks better, wears better, is better, because it has been better made at every step of the way. It is a practical story, because a suit, a dress, a coat, nowadays, is an investment, and no woman, no matter how much money she has, can afford to put it into poor material that, give it time, will betray the very best of tailoring.

To begin with, Daphne's brown peachbloom had lived in Australia on the more-or-less white back of a sheep who attended strictly to the business of growing it, quite unconscious of the fact that careful breeding and a very dry climate had made him the finest thing of his kind in the world, with merino wool of such close curl that buyers from two continents and a tight little isle would fight for the privilege of getting it. The buyer for the New Jersey firm was very wise indeed, for, by the time he'd done his season's purchasing, the great store-room overseas in America was full of bales. The squat iron-bound ones were his share. At the other end of the storeroom were others, three times as big, filled with cross-bred wool from the great upland pastures of South America—not so fine, but very long and strong. The harsher, stiffer materials would be woven from this wool that starred so successfully as

(*Continued on page 92*)



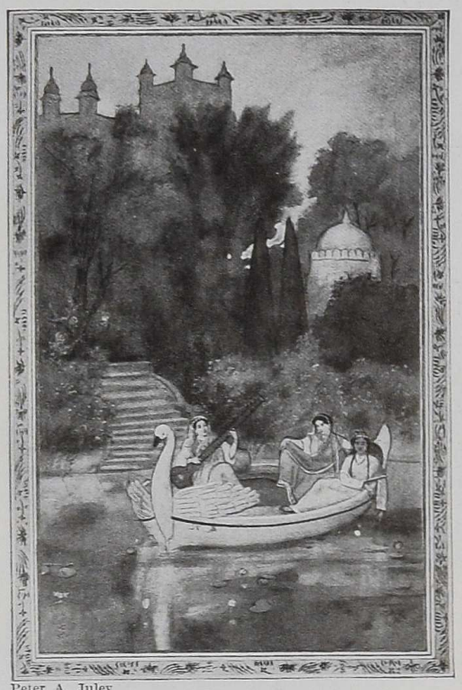
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep—and the very best place to find them—at least, the wooly part—is to ask for so many yards of duvetine at a gay Fifth Avenue shop

THE PLEASURE GARDENS OF ANCIENT INDIA

Centuries Ago, Garden-Craft Made Romance a Magical Living Legend

By "SHAHINDA"

(BEGUM FYZEE-RAHAMIN)



Peter A. Juley

In India, long ago, minarets and towered pavilions looked down upon shimmering lakes, and floating gardens rested like quivering mirages upon the placid water

Peter A. Juley

Under a white pavilion, the Princess Roushanara still sleeps in a ruined garden where peacocks used to flaunt their gorgeous plumage and maidens dreamed fair dreams

IN India, in olden times, laying out a garden was considered the purest of human pleasures, and, through the contributions of Buddhism and Mohammedanism and the romantic Persians and Turks, it became a perfected form of art. Nothing of the kind has ever been known to equal the pleasure gardens of the great Moguls in splendour and elaborate detail. Like the Taj Mahal at Agra and the many kindred fairy palaces in India, these gardens had something ethereal and glorified about them.

It is a country where all things have been inspired by the inner motives of religion, and this fact probably accounts for the sense of utter calm and ecstasy that permeates the Indian gardens and pavilions. The distinguishing feature and general plan of the Mogul gardens were based upon the ancient idea of the paradise garden which, the Koran tells us, Allah himself planted in its symbolic parts. The word paradise means garden or enclosure, and, following this idea, a square area of ground was chosen and enclosed in four walls with four main entrances elaborately ornamented and raised as battlements. The four angles were surmounted with graceful octagonal structures, giving the garden an air of exclusiveness and repose. The grounds were divided into eight parts and laid out with shrubbery, fruit-trees, and flowers according to the traditional pleasance ideals as symbols of life, death, and eternity. Seven terraces stood for the seven planets. The climax of the arrangement was a central point raised as a platform and supporting an arched pavilion of marble. From this, one was able to enjoy the vistas of the soul-giving "rivers of life" of the secret spring flowing from under the pavilion, and its countless cascades and waterfalls, fountains, and rivulets. The photograph at the bottom of this page is a reproduction of an old Indian print and gives an idea of how such a garden looked long ago.

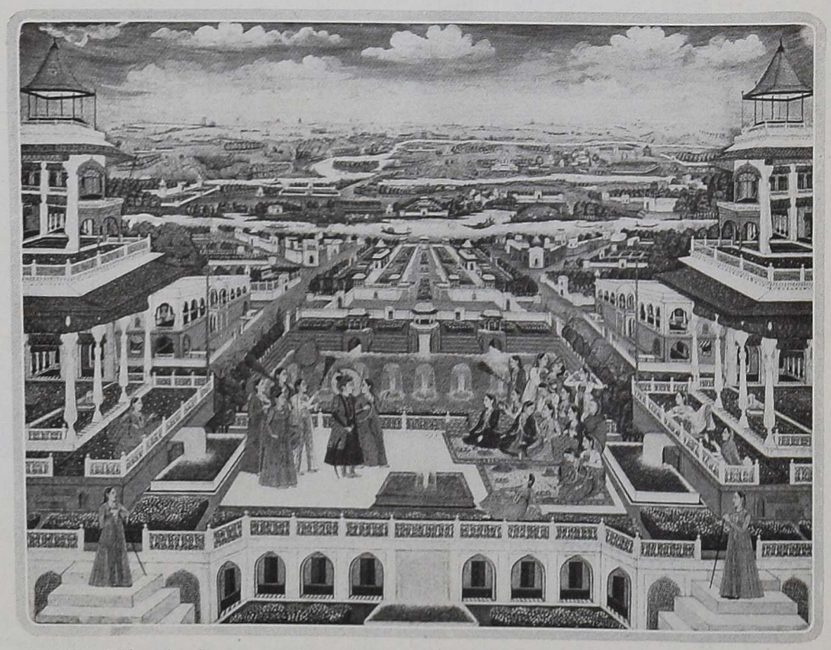
FROM EARLY MYTHOLOGY

The plan is taken from the geography of early Hindu mythology. In the very beginning of things, there was supposedly a Holy Land with a sacred mount called Meru standing in its midst. On this grew the sacred tree of knowledge with Naga, the sacred king of water-snakes, coiled beneath to provide water for the four corners of the globe. A similar tradition of paradise prevailed among the ancient races,—the Assyrians, Jews, Greeks, and Persians—with regard to the sacred mount, the tree of knowledge, and the secret spring. In India, a temple replaced the tree and the mount. A little later, in the Buddhist period, a *chatri*, or umbrella, was added to the temple as symbolic of the sacred tree. When the Mohammedans came into India, they completed the paradise idea of erecting on heavenly principles the pleasure garden as it has just been described; instead of the temple in the middle, they introduced the *baradari*, or pavilion, to give full expression to the glory of the flowers, fruits, trees, and water.

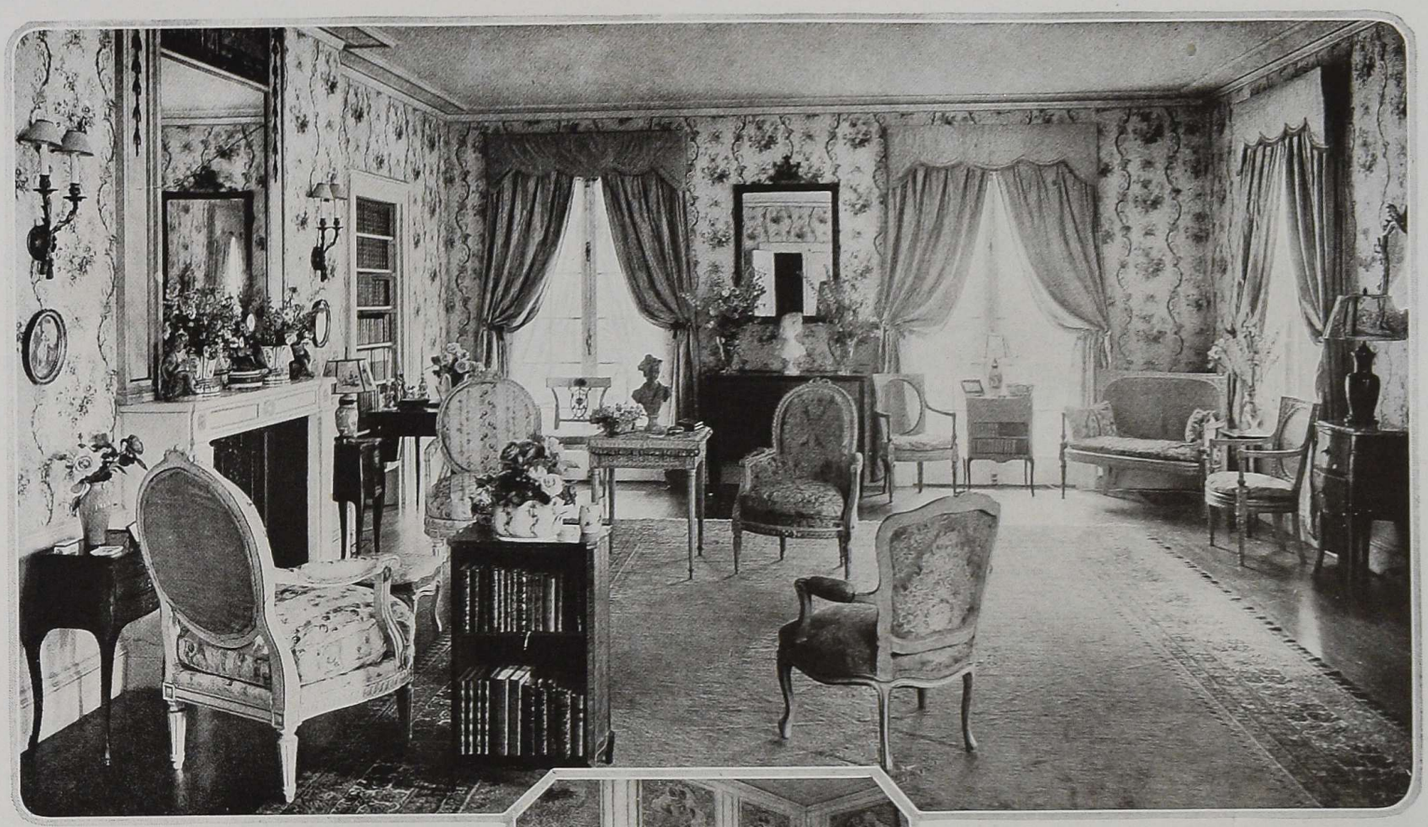
The idea of guarding an area from intrusion by evergreens and flowers and keeping its fastnesses for perfect human joys was imported into China and Japan along with Buddhism in 500 A. D. The famous landscape garden that is popularly connected with the land of cherry-blossoms was first laid out by Buddhist monks, and these gardens, still flourishing in Japan, owe their origin to India where they are now extinct. Even the Japanese national flower, the curly petalled chrysanthemum, is an Indian symbol of the rays of the rising sun and of the wheels of Buddha's laws.

When the romantic Persians and Turks came into India about a thousand years ago, they brought a passion for flowers and a perfected taste for gardening. Their own exquisite legends and romances they intermingled with the mystic symbolism of trees and flowers already prevailing in India; they changed the original features of the gardening somewhat and established the supremely beautiful paradise gardens. These became a stimulus to direct the poetic genius of the people, for they were retreats of quiet contemplation where dreams were dreamed which, reflected in society, became social ideals. "Art for art's sake" was

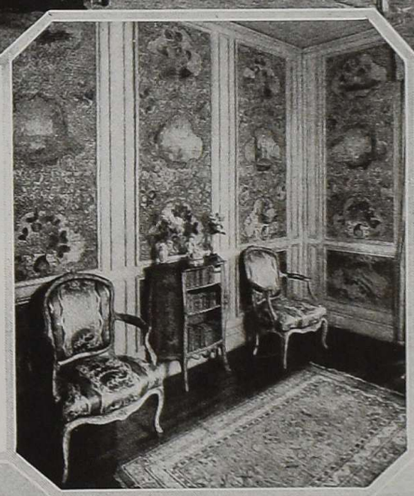
(Continued on page 91)



This print from an ancient painting belonging to His Highness, the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, shows one of the symbolical paradise gardens of the great Moguls in olden days—a veritable sanctuary of calm repose



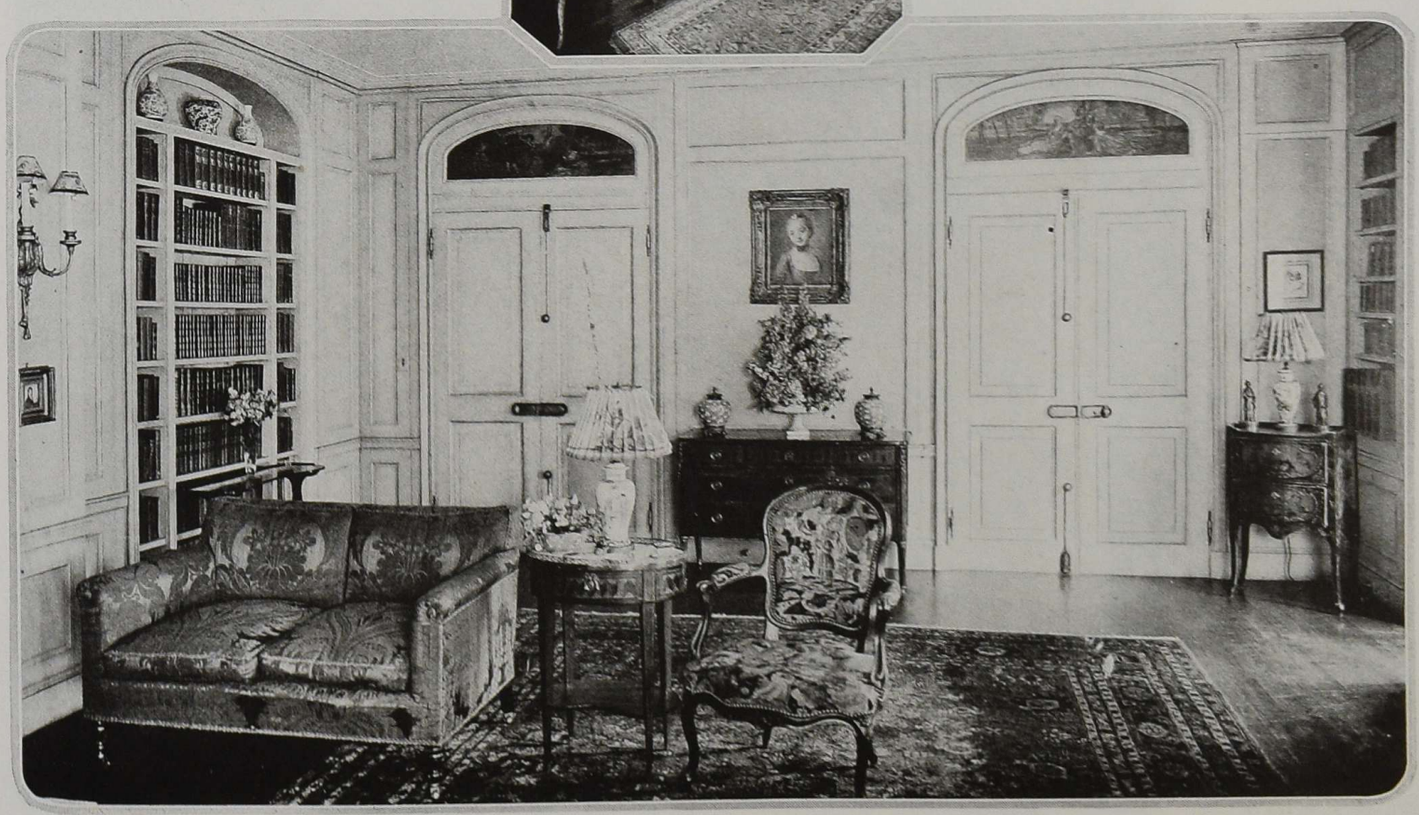
MR. EGERTON L. WINTHROP'S RESIDENCE AT SYOSSET, LONG ISLAND, IS BESTOWED WITH A QUIET GRACE



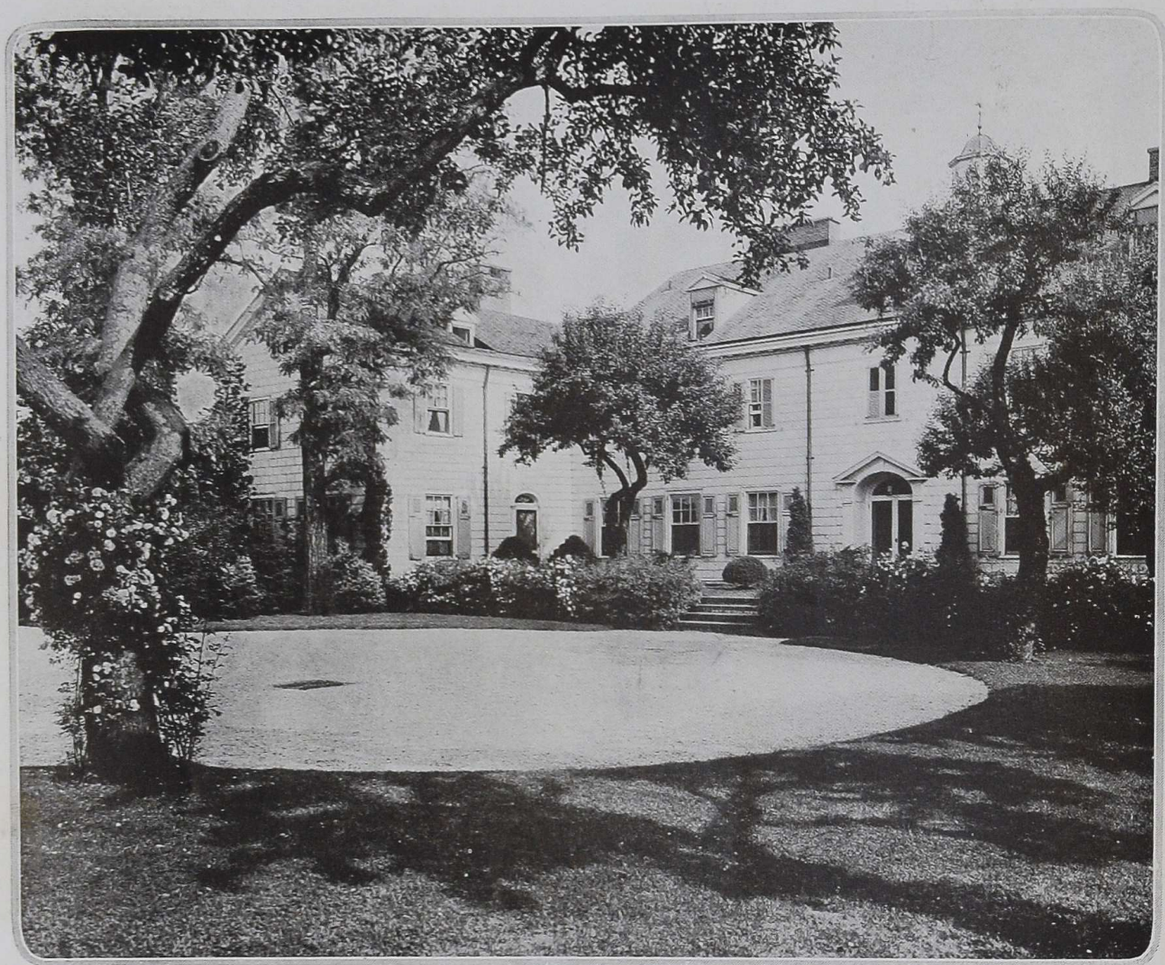
Old-time wit and charm and grace may easily sparkle in this salon, flower filled and speared with sunlight shimmering in through French windows hung with shot blue taffeta. Rose chintz blooms on the walls, and brocades cover the fauteuils

(Left) Old Italian painted panels were transformed into a morning-room. Near a commode stands a pair of painted chairs

(Below) The arched door, painted by Albert Sterner, opens on a Louis XVI library worthy of the brush of Walter Gay, its walls panelled in delicate grey, its furniture old and French. Flowers pose with eighteenth-century mannerism on the commode



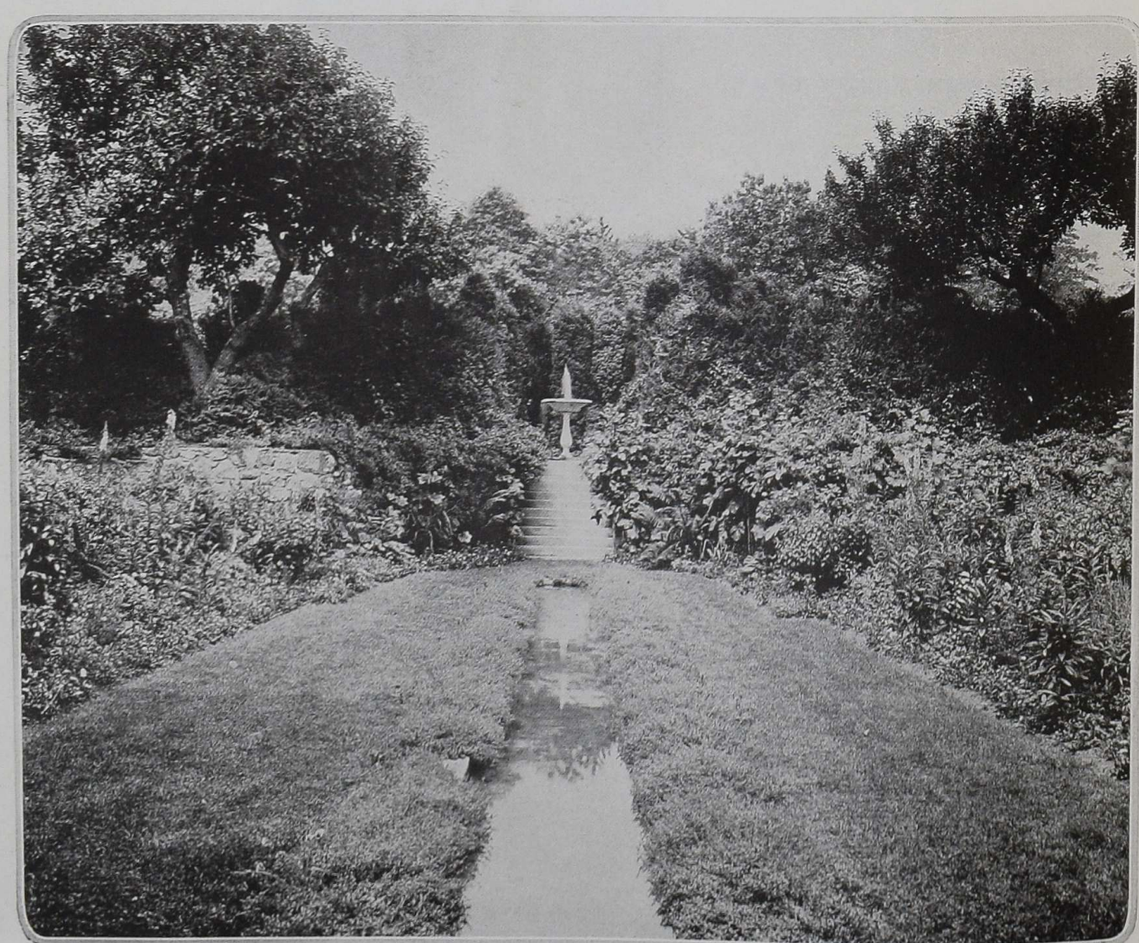
Mattie Edwards Hewitt



DEPTHS OF FLOWERS AND TREES EMBRACE THE WINTHROP HOUSE

DELANO AND ALDRICH, ARCHITECTS

Low, white, and rambling, the house waits at the end of a lane of lilacs, and around it old apple-trees, the home of feathered wild things, bend their gnarled and silver green boughs. The house is built of wood, cut to resemble blocks



Careful planning has resulted in a series of little gardens strung like beads on a chain. Against a mass of evergreens, a merry fountain splashes, and marble steps lead to the flower garden where, in a narrow pool, cloud, and sky write their changing glory in water

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

OUT-OF-DOORS,

BOUGHS AND

LEAVES SPREAD

COOL CANOPIES

Grass terraces, smooth and velvety, and a brick wall at the rear of the house lead to a tiny dolphin fountain surrounded by the close green of ivy. Tall locust trees lend their shade to the house, and beneath are chairs and a table

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A fairy vista shows the blowing lace of dancing apple leaves flickering on boughs of rose-twined trees through which the sunlight filters in ever-changing patterns on the grassy stretch leading from the house to the formal rose garden in the distance

IN AN ITALIAN GARDEN

The Villa Lante at Bagnaia

Alinari

Three kilometers from Bagnaia lies Viterbo, a strange little town of the past, famous for the charm of its medieval houses and its beautiful fountains. This design is attributed to Vignola, 1566

No Italian garden is complete without its fountain and trickle of water. Bagnaia has several ancient designs in its water course of which the one shown to the right is peculiarly fascinating

Mescioni

The Villa Lante is the home of the Duke Pietro Lante della Rovere, chairman of the Deputazione Provinciale of Rome. It was begun by Cardinal Riario and finished by Cardinal Gambara following the plan of Vignola. The building is rather small, but the gardens are extensive

Close by Bagnaia is Viterbo, where there is another fountain that might well be placed, inreproduction, in a formal American garden

In the midst of the garden is a great pool enclosed with a balustrade with water gates and centering in a large fountain of four human figures. The Cardinal Gambara spent much money and time on this garden. The mistress of the garden today is an American

Tebbs

A DEBT TO ITALY

A debt to Italy is incurred in this library. The paneling and bookcases are very dark Italian walnut which throws in bold relief the antique carved Istrian stone mantel. Italian, too, is the chair. The table is an Italian antique of elaborately carved walnut, almost black. Andirons and lighting fixtures are of old bronze. Bronze also dignifies the ornaments on the mantelpiece, which have been chosen to harmonize in balance and proportion with their surroundings as well as form focal points of interest. The room is in the New York residence of A. G. Paine, Jr., Esq. C. P. H. Gilbert was the architect

Gillies

The warm coloring of Italy is brought into this hall by vivid yellow hangings bordered with tapestry and brilliant Chinese rugs against a black floor. Coffee colored woodwork and rough plaster walls make an attractive background for the old Italian stone fireplace

Many countries are represented in this dining room but Wales easily leads all the rest. The charm of a Welsh dresser filled with old china and pewter is here shown against mellow white walls. The chairs are Italian and the rug Chinese

Here the woodwork and walls are coffee color and the furniture is brilliant blue with canary colored cushions. An interesting feature of the Italian bookcases is the small compartment in the center. Mr. Bossom was the architect of this apartment

ROOMS *in the* NEW YORK APARTMENT *of* ALFRED C. BOSSOM, Esq.

CONCEALING THE RADIATOR

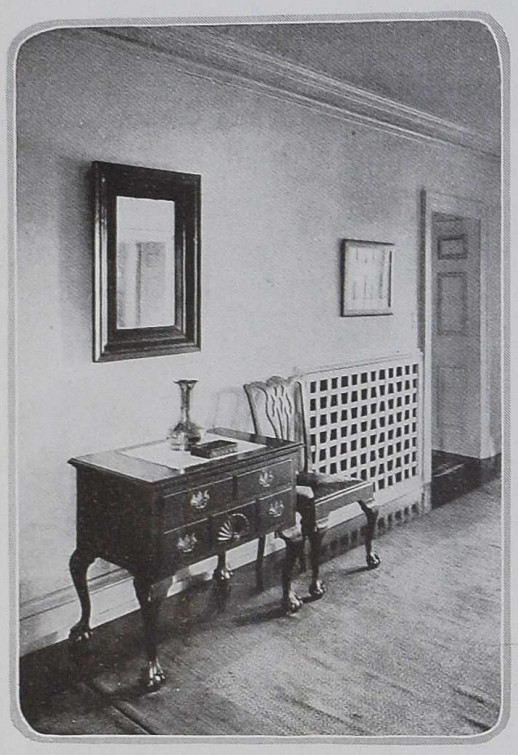
Successful Methods by Which It Can Be Boxed Or Incorporated Into Built-In Furniture

COSTEN FITZ-GIBBON

TO have a radiator standing forth in full view in any room is a piece of inexcusable barbarity. It is just as objectionable and just as unreasonable as it would be to obtrude a kitchen sink in full sight of a dinner table. To permit it to occupy a point of vantage and prove a chronic eyesore is likewise sheer stupidity. It is a confession of helpless incapacity and weak-minded surrender to the jobbing steam fitter, who imposes the monster wherever it suits his convenience.

Any self-respecting architect will see to it that radiators are placed in the least obtrusive position feasible, and with a little additional expense will conceal them with more or less ingenuity. The contractor who installs radiators at a subsequent date will not be so considerate. He must be closely watched as to their placing. This article is quite as much for the victim of late installation as for the reader who has the architect's aid.

The radiator must be concealed. That much is plain, unless the appearance of every room where direct radiation is used is to be seriously marred. The question is, what are the possible and which are the best methods of concealment? One help to convenient concealment, a method employed by some of the best architects, is to use radiators of very thin material with a minimum volume of metal to be heated. This has the advantage of flatness, for convenient enclosure in walls beneath window sills. Unfortunately in this arrangement, the expense is greater and the durability supposed to be not so great, so the bulkier, common variety of radiator is the kind more likely to be encountered.



This radiator grille is made of plaited iron strips, behind which the radiator is set

When radiator concealment can be planned for at the time the house is built, it is much easier to manage successfully than when radiators come as a later addition. The most logical position for radiators is either under or near windows. If they can be let into the wall under windows—and unless the wall is very thick this will require the thin material and flat radiators—they can be concealed by a panel even with the wall or the wainscot. The panel itself should either be hinged or divided into doors to give access to the mechanical attachments, all of which ought to be out of sight. Line the enclosing space with asbestos air cell, an asbestos preparation with corrugated surface.

The stiles and rails of the panel or doors will be of wood. Protect the inside surfaces of the panel or door-framing with a layer of asbestos. The panels themselves must be

Beneath a long window or a row of windows the radiators can be concealed by a built-in seat with the grilles set low in front. Cupboards on either side give a balanced grouping

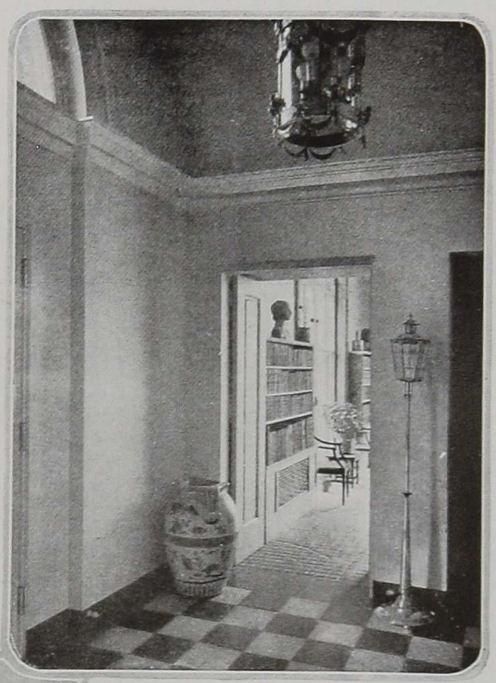
In an old house where the radiator is set in a window it can be concealed by a cupboard which makes a plant table

filled in with some kind of open work that will not obstruct the passage of the warm air. Rattan is the best material for this, from both the physical and decorative points of view. It does not warp, get loose, nor rattle, and is susceptible of a great variety of decorative treatments. These effectually conceal the radiator mechanism within but do not impede the issue of heated air. A lattice of thin wooden strips may also be used to fill the panels. This device is not as good as rattan because the strips warp, rattle and become badly discolored. Wire netting is too suggestive of chicken coops to be agreeable and does not very well hide the radiator behind it. Under certain conditions, a well designed metal grille may be used, but will have to be judiciously managed as the juxtaposition of metal and wood in this way is apt to be unattractive.

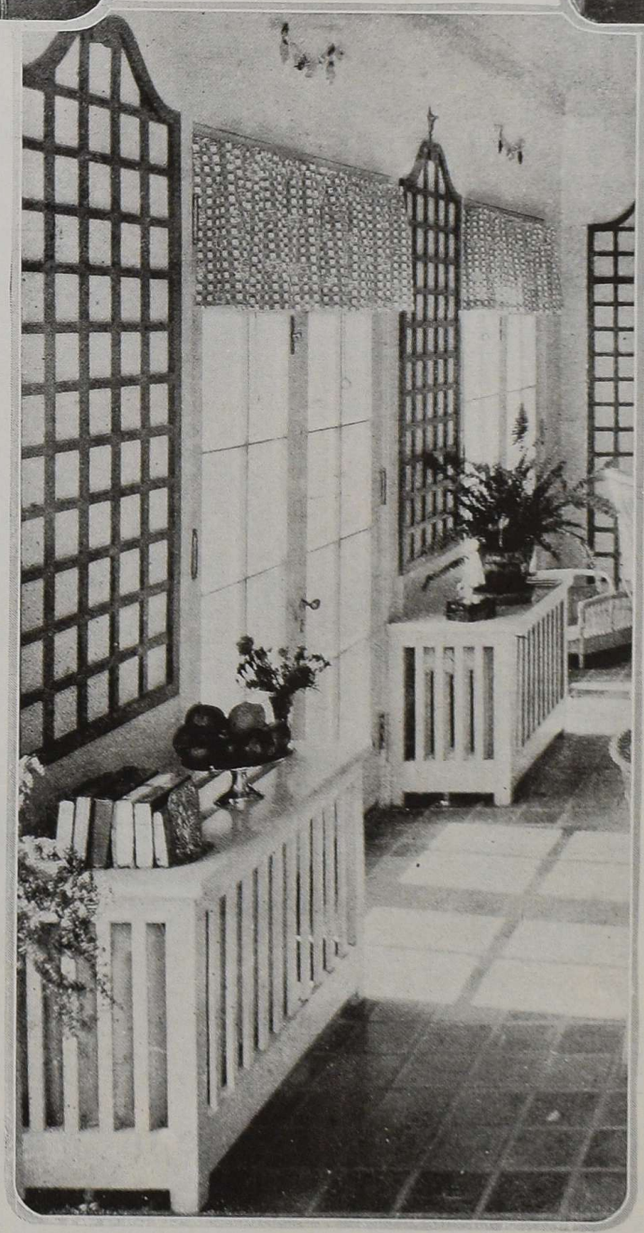
Boxed-in Enclosures

Boxed-in radiator enclosures, projecting into the room from the line of the wall, with metal grille openings in the widened window sills are not to be recommended if radiators can possibly be placed otherwise. When it is not feasible to place and conceal radiators beneath windows, another good place for their installation is in the lower part of built-in bookcases. Here they may be enclosed in low cupboards with the same kind of openings as just noted. When this is done the radiator must have a metal hood or reflector at back, sides and top, and the cupboard must be lined with asbestos air cell insulation to protect the adjacent woodwork sufficiently. Such installation in the base of bookcases permits the use of the ordinary type of radiator which, fortunately, may be had in low sections. This device also offers one solution of installing radiators in old houses. It may also be used in new houses where windows extend all the way to the floor or where, for one reason or another, installation beneath windows may not be desired.

Another possible method of concealment is to enclose the radiator in the wall. This may necessitate either the use of very flat radiators of thin material, or else furring out the wall several inches farther than would otherwise be required. Where the wall is wainscotted, or partially wainscotted, a rattan or other panel, as previously suggested, may be used for the opening. When there is no wainscot, the covering of the openings will have to be treated in a more or less decorative manner. Besides the kinds of covers already mentioned, one might, in some cases, use a faience, or a wrought metal grille where it harmonizes with the character of the room.



When shielded by asbestos boards the radiator may even be concealed in a bookcase without injuring the books



For sun room radiators one may have built decorative covers such as these, which are also useful as shelves or tables

Radiator Cupboard

Still another possible treatment which is quite feasible when there is a plain wall, is to set the radiator in a niche similar to the aumbry-like cupboards that often occur in Mediæval or early Renaissance Italian rooms. The screen over the opening would have to be given some decorative emphasis with an open-work pattern, or such like device. Doors, ornamented on both sides, might be added, to close when the radiator was not in use. With the doors open, the general effect would be that of a triptych; closed, that of a cupboard.

Now we come to the problem of the radiator in rooms where no original provision was made for it. And here a caution is necessary. Do not attempt to disguise a radiator under the form of some familiar piece of furniture; to do so is inherently dishonest and will eventually prove as revolting as any other sham. An outstanding, uncompromising radiator may most fittingly be enclosed in a low, cabinet-like structure, the doors or panelled front and sides of which are treated to accord with the foregoing suggestions. The top of this may be used as a shelf or console stand. There is no dishonesty in this; the feature is still unmistakably a radiator, but its unsightliness has been relieved by legitimate decorative treatment.

An alternative to such an arrangement would be to use a circular and rather tall radiator. Set it in a corner, enclosing it with a quarter-circular structure resembling 18th Century Italian quadrant-fronted cabinets.

He should not be allowed to miss a Greenwich Village tea, where all the boys and girls sit on the floor and match complexes. It might make him realize that England didn't lose so very much in 1776 after all

A visit to an outdoor fête of barefoot dancers would prove that America is not all dollar-hunting. It might, in fact, show our much-maligned dollar-hunting in a more favorable light by comparison

American jazz music has taken a great hold on England, but it is doubtful if the Prince has ever really experienced it in its essence. The night before he sails would be a good time to try it on him

England may be democratic and all that, but the royal visitor should certainly be taken for a foursome on the Van Cortland Park links some Saturday afternoon and shown what Democracy really is like

Nothing could be more stimulating for a young man who has just come through the war than to put him down in the midst of a dinner party of nice, respectable dowagers and retired bankers who will tell him all about their nephews' experiences in the mud at Brest and ask him what he thinks (frankly now!) of American women

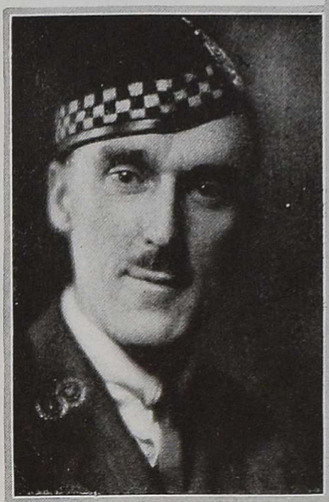
Entertaining the Prince of Wales

Sketches by GEORGE WRIGHT

IT is a national custom of ours so to entertain our visiting celebrities that they return to their native lands suffering from a complication of indigestion, lame arches and swimming vision. We give them a good time, gosh darn 'em, even if it cripples them for life.

Presumably, the Prince of Wales will not be granted exemption when he visits this country. So eager are we to demonstrate the good-will we feel toward him and his constituents that we shall probably rush him about, forcing him to eat three banquets a day, look at the glass-flowers in the Agassiz Museum, and do nonchalant approaches before batteries of movie cameras, until the young man has to be taken back to England on the hospital-ship "Mercy."

But if we must be disagreeably friendly to him, let us at least try a few new entertainments, so that when he gets home and John Galsworthy and Robert Nichols come to see him in the sanitarium, he at least will be spared the chagrin of having them say: "Old stuff, they did that to us, too."



Ian Hay Beith, the Scottish soldier who wrote the best book of the war—"The First Hundred Thousand"—has become a member of the scenario staff of the Paramount-Lasky studios in California

PIRIE MACDONALD

CAMPBELL STUDIO

Rex Beach is now president of the Eminent Authors Film Corporation—a subsidiary of Goldwyn—which is attempting to convince movie audiences that "the play's the thing" on the screen

Paul J. Rainey, having returned from service with the British and American Red Cross in France, Africa and Siberia, is presenting a five reel film melodrama called "The Heart of the Jungle"

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

DUDLEY HOYT

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author of many best sellers, is a director of the Eminent Authors Film Corporation and, in consequence, we look for some really noteworthy productions from this new company

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

William G. McAdoo has become counsel for the "United Artists," an association of motion picture stars which threatens to assume the proportions of a combination in restraint of trade

JAMES GRANTHAM BAIN

Helen Keller, who has demonstrated better than anyone else that speech is possible without recourse to the spoken word, is to appear in a photoplay based upon her own marvellous triumph over adversity

Celebrities Who Are Slaves of the Screen

Prominent Names on Motion-Picture Pay Rolls

THE days have passed when motion pictures represented but a crude and cheap imitation of the more élite spoken drama. To-day the great god Cinema catches one and all in his celluloid toils—from cabinet ministers and ambassadors down—and makes them contribute their bit to the uplift and advancement of the movies. There is no way of telling just where this sort of thing will stop; but there are those who feel that herein lies the perfect solution to that hitherto insolvable puzzle of what to do with our ex-Presidents. We confidently expect that movie stars will retaliate by going into politics.

The spontaneous and joyous art fo Julia Marlowe is manifest in her portrayal of Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"—a play in which both she and Mr. Sothern provide a perfect interpretation of Shakspere's delightfully discordant comedy

Sothern and Marlowe inaugurated their partnership at the Knickerbocker Theatre in 1904 in "Hamlet," and their last appearance together in 1914 was in the same play

When Miss Marlowe embarked upon her stage career, one of her first parts was that of Maria in "Twelfth Night," but it was not until her association with Mr. Sothern that she appeared as Viola. No one has excelled her performance of this rôle

Mr. Sothern's Hamlet stands the test of comparison with several other of the pretenders to the throne of Denmark who have appeared during the past year

JULIA MARLOWE
Who is at her best as Viola in "Twelfth Night"

EDWARD H. SOTHERN
As Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITE

The Return of Sothern and Marlowe

"SHORT retirement urges sweet return," said John Milton, and the poet's words find a happy significance in the prospective return to our stage of Sothern and Marlowe. Miss Marlowe left the stage five years ago because of illness—a retirement which, it was feared, would be permanent, until she and Mr. Sothern went overseas to give benefit War performances. The distinguished players are to undertake another tour this season in a repertoire of three plays—"Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Twelfth Night," these having been selected as most representative of Shakspere's dramatic works.

The Chicken or the Egg?

Some of our Mystery Plays and their Relation to Dramatic Art

By ARTHUR TRAIN

THAT innocent inquiry of "What is Art, anyway?" will, of course, always start something, and I have no intention of starting anything. I don't pretend to know what Art is and I have too much sense to ask; but, as the saucy saying has it, "I know what I like." Now, there is a vogue for a certain variety of literary and dramatic product which I do not like, and which I feel sure isn't art at all. For want of a better name it might be called "Puzzle Drama" or "Puzzle Literature," and had its first vogue in "The Thirteenth Chair," "Cheating Cheaters" and "Three Faces East."

I assume, perhaps fatuously, that plays, novels and short stories are honestly intended to appeal to our artistic sense, otherwise I should not be writing this protest, but in point of fact playwrights and novelists long ago discovered that there is more money in catering to the primitive instincts than to the cultivated ones, and are working one of them for rather more than it is worth. I am not referring to sex stuff either.

THIS instinct, reminiscent of the days of our prehistoric pursuit of the cave bear, sabre-toothed tiger and wooly rhinoceros, is that of the hunter transmogrified into the expert accountant; for the only appeal which many latter day plays and novels make is precisely that of any mathematical or algebraical problem, such celebrated questions as how to get the cannibal and the missionary safely across the river without putting them both in the canoe at the same time, "Pigs in Clover" or any other mechanical puzzle sold on the street. It really makes no difference whether the puzzle is how to jump a marble into its proper receptacle, "how many eggs a chicken and a half can lay in a day and a half," how to measure off three quarts of cider with only a five-quart and a one-quart measure,—whether the problem is represented by a physical object or written out on paper, or whether it takes the form of an acted drama or a printed book. In any case the public pays its money merely to guess how the puzzle, the problem, the play, the novel or the story can be made to come out right. It has not a blessed thing to do with art at all. It is no more related to genuine drama or genuine literature than paying a nickel to shy a cocoanut at a negro's head stuck through a hole in a piece of canvas.

When the audience follows breathlessly the swift adventures of the swell house party, which first turns out to be a gang of classy burglars and then suddenly dissolves into a "plant" of de luxe secret service agents, it may fancy it is satisfying a literary or artistic craving, but in point of fact it is engaged on the same old "chicken-and-a-half, egg-and-a-half" proposition. The author is simply multiplying the chickens and the half chicks, the eggs and the half eggs, and, as we know our theatre-going and novel-reading cast, while the scrambling of the eggs and half eggs is a simple process, the unscrambling is apt to be a very disappointing performance.

This dramatic and literary shell game is no trick at all and the author can without the slightest trouble keep turning his house party into anything he wants, from criminals to Bolsheviki or to Methodist conferees, and can eventually resolve his detective back into a purely private geezer by the same machinery that he made him a burglar. I don't know who began this sort of thing, but it started, I imagine, with the revolt of the readers against the boredom of always having the perfect chauffeur with whom the millionaire's daughter fell in love turn out to be a college man masquerading as a son of toil. Anyhow, once it started there was no escaping its fearful, if natural, development. And it is so simple! Originally you just tricked the reader once—at the end of your yarn. Then you "double-crossed" him. Now you hand him the so-called "double-double cross" or perhaps fool him to the limit by not tricking him at all, which isn't fair as he has paid his money to test your ingenuity. Which brings me to the place in these remarks where, so to speak, the body is to be found.

"Virgin Mother and Child." An example of the work of the Serbian sculptor Mestrovic

THE inventive genius and curiosity of the Yank is a trait spread thick on the population of these United States. You can gamble on it just as safely as you can figure on thirst or any other human inclination. Its satisfaction carries with it much of the zest of betting, giving one, as it does, a chance to back one's own powers of reason or observation. The machine that chews up a few old rags and lays a brand new celluloid collar enthralls everybody. We are keen about all sorts of complicated things, and the more complicated they are the better we like them. We like them because they are complicated and because it amuses us to find out how they work. They appeal to the puzzle instinct that is, the primitive hunting instinct, in all of us.

Now, taking advantage of this, perhaps unconsciously, dramatists and playwrights, have crucified everybody, spectator and reader alike, upon the double-double cross. In these plays and stories there is nothing whatever but plot, —usually so complex that the human brain is quite incapable of following the action, even if it be logical, which it never is,—since, if it were logical, it would be impossible sufficiently to baffle the reader or spectator, which has become the author's sole end. Logic and common sense having then been frankly thrown aside, this kind of modern showman exhibits a corpse and nine human beings, one of whom is presumptively the murderer. He then positively informs us that none of them did it and tells us to guess which one of them did. Generally it turns out to be the one regarding whose innocence we had the author's most positive assurances. The only answer is his nonchalant smiling statement that "The boy lied."

WHEN you are not simply made the victim of deliberate misrepresentation you are flim-flammed, and when you are not flim-flammed you are turned loose in a thicket of disconnected and contradictory occurrences that cannot stand a moment's test of rational analysis and which, therefore, defeat their own purpose of trying to surprise; for unless there is a coherent effort to make the reader or spectator believe something about what is going tohappen, the dénouement can never be different from what he expects, as he has no expectations at all.

In a word, both the dramatized and the novelized puzzle overlook the elementary truism that in order pleasantly to shock the reader when he ultimately discovers that Alfred is not a spy after all, you must first have made him consistently believe for a reasonable time that Alfred *is* a spy,—and that if you befuddle him by having Alfred pretend that he is pretending to be a spy and expect the victim who has paid his two dollars instantly to fall for the apparent (but, of course, necessarily unsound) theory that the reason Alfred is pretending to be pretending to be a spy is so that he can deceive the others into thinking that he is merely pretending to be a spy and not pretending to be pretending to be one—you see, of course, just what I mean! Well, you end by not caring a hang *what* he is.

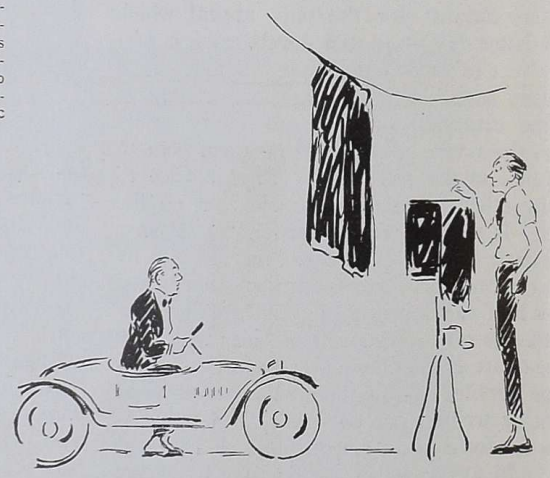
But the failure of the dramatized or novelized puzzle is not my concern, which is merely to point out and deplore a tendency which seems to me to be robbing the stage and current literature of much of its genuine attraction. We can buy anywhere for a few cents a picture puzzle,, a book of mathematical problems or secure, upon application (for nothing), an unfilled out income tax return, and get the same sort of enjoyment that we now procure elsewhere at a much greater expenditure of time and money. As folks who care for Art, even if they don't know what it is, we ought not to stand for the present high-priced elucidations of chicken-and-a-half, egg-and-a-half mysteries. We should be interested in the chicken, rather than the egg.

A pleasant and profitable fifteen minutes may be spent in the "art" stationery shops which line Broadway, buying souvenir post-cards bearing pictures of the Flatiron Building, panoramas of Riverside Drive, or such legends as, "A camel can go ten days without a drink—who wants to be a camel?" Many an interesting curio can be picked up in this way, during the theatrical season

A wholesome divertissement is an informal track-meet around the excavations that are sure to be in progress on Broadway. A season of these between-the-act Olympic games will do much to improve the physical condition of the theatre-going public

A convivial crowd gathers between the acts at the orangeade booth across the street from the theatre—why not be one of the boys and join in the wild debauch? Of course, the stuff is apt to get a pretty strong hold on you, but if you will just pull yourself together and be a man, you can tear yourself away from it and reel back in time for the next act

The shooting-galleries along Broadway provide a clean and invigorating way to kill the intermissions. A few shots at the property ducks and the revolving reindeer will send any man back to the theatre all braced up for the rest of the show



It is rather a pretty bit of sentiment to go out and have your picture taken, at any of the neighboring photograph galleries. The establishment will provide an appropriate setting. The finished picture will be a charming remembrance to bring back to those who are waiting in the theatre

Or then, again, you can always go out and get clubby with the cab-drivers outside the theatre. They're sympathetic listeners—you might while away the time by telling them the new one about the two traveling men

Those Long, Dry Intermissions

Sketches by ETHEL PLUMMER

PROHIBITION has been pretty rough on everybody, but there is no class of people which it has hit so hard as the theatre-goers. The Federal Amendment has completely wrecked their evenings. It isn't so bad while the show is going on; the blow falls between the acts. In happier times, the intermissions were the high spots of the evening to male theatre-goers—now they are mere hollow mockeries. Something really had to be done to relieve the intermission-lizards' suffering, to keep them from remembering what intermissions were made for. So here are a few little suggestions for between-the-acts occupations. As substitutes for the real thing, they rate about 2.75, but they may help a little. Anyway, you can take them or let them alone.

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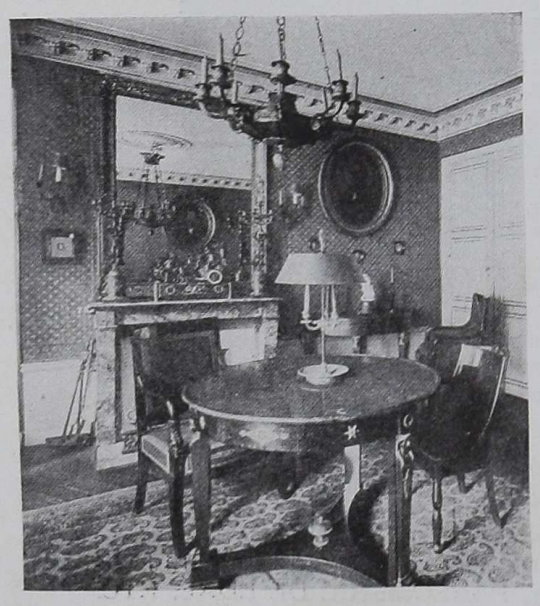


The charm of eighteenth-century England, as seen by the eyes of Beechey, lingers in this canvas from the collection of the Young Galleries

ART

(*Continued from page 67*)

realistic, and the passer-by may find refreshment from the heat of summer pavements in the "Cornish Coast" by Dougherty, and the "Surf of the Far North" by Waugh, or again in a charming bit of colour, "The Sandy Beach," by W. Granville Smith. Yet farther from the present are "November Snow," by Palmer and "Vermont Woods" by Waltman.

Coming back to the city, unfailing source of inspiration to artists, two nocturnes by Weir make us realize that they are indeed brave who attempt to follow in the wake of Whistler and the "Falling Rocket." We find George de Forest Brush with his delightful portraits, Gari Melchers (not at his best in "Nellie Kabel"), and Walter McEwen in "Blue and White," seeking Vermeer as his lodestar, and there are also notable paintings by George Inness and Winslow Homer and an idyllic green and green grey landscape with windmills by Twachtman.

A study of that engaging theme, a figure and its reflection, its echo in varying form and softer colour, was "Phantasmata" by Sargent Kendall. Two figures seen before and in the mirror form a double group rich in colour in which the figure of the child and the head of the woman hold much of beauty.

A GREAT FRENCH DRAUGHTSMAN

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently become the possessor of two new and especially fine portraits by the great French classicist, Ingres, portraits of Monsieur and Madame Lebane. Notable examples are those of the principles by which Ingres worked, the modelling of form and the fine modulation of line, in a word, the fine draughtsmanship which the modernist artist so scorns. To Ingres, colour or light or interpretation of emotion was but secondary; as he said, "In nature, all is form." For the beauty of portrayal of this ideal, he found his inspiration in the works of the great Raphael. In Ingres, there is the same love of careful balance and proportion, the exquisite perfection of pattern and line. One has only to examine the drawing of the hands, the careful study of each fold of drapery, the almost statute-like precision of line and clear-cut modelling to appreciate that to him painting was "a development of sculpture." For Ingres was never a colourist. Line and form were his ideal, and it is his skill in line that makes him the inspiration of artists to-day.

AMONG THE NEWER GALLERIES

The Young Galleries, comparative newcomers among the New York art galleries, have on view an excellent collection which includes both old masters and modern work. The admirable work of Inness, growing both more rare and more valuable at present, is worthily represented in this collection, and there are some portraits by the eighteenth-century English painters which are well worth seeing.

Among the contemporary works in this exhibition is an admirable landscape by Emil Carlsen, in which the composition is dominated by a superb old tree, which has come to be known as "Weir's tree" from the delight which Alden Weir has taken in depicting it. A delightful bit of fresh colour and brilliant light is the characteristic beach scene by Potthast.

Companion portrait to Madame Lebane is the admirable Ingres portrait of her husband which accompanies it into the Metropolitan Museum collections

GARDENS OF ANCIENT INDIA

(*Continued from page 74*)

something never practised in India.

The paradise gardens may still be traced all over the Indian plains. In the peaceful reign of the Emperor Feroze Shah, about 1350, as many as a hundred lovely gardens were built in the environs of Delhi. The arid sands were transformed into a fairy-land by graceful marble pavilions with arches and columns and bulbous domes, all interspersed with carved lace-work.

Mohammedanism lavished architectural luxuries on the great Moslem capitals of Agra, Delhi, Lahore, and Murshidabad. In the midst of gardens, palaces were splendid with minarets and gorgeously patterned with inlaid coloured stones. The grounds were ornamented with water in every form, pools even washing the thresholds of private rooms and audience-halls. Not only birds, lilies, and aquatic plants floated on glimmering sheets of water, but even marble pavilions.

OTHER KINDS OF GARDENS

Besides beautifying the solid earth, pleasure gardens rested on expanses of water during the supremacy of the mighty Moguls a few centuries ago. Picturesque remnants of these floating gardens may still be seen in the valley of Kashmir where they once were the favourite theme of the Indian poets. To make the garden, as it existed three or four centuries ago, a thick mesh of rushes and reeds peculiar to the Dal Lake was severed under the water. With a layer of earth to make it firm, this formed a basis for variegated profusions of flowers. The *nishat bagh*, a garden of joy, has twelve terraces, symbolising the signs of the zodiac, rising from the Dal Lake. Here the play of water is seen to best advantage, for the garden is viewed at present through a blurred shimmer of silvery fountains and rainbow mists. The island gardens in the sacred lakes of Oodeypur in Rajputana may also be seen to-day. The lake is girdled on one side with hills covered with shimmering white marble palaces down to the water's edge and reflected therein; and the placid sheet is studded with many beautiful gardens planted by the Emperor Jehangir. In the centre of the gardens are marble pavilions for the musicians, and the outer walls are of pierced fretwork lined with avenues of fruit and palm-trees. Daintily carved pavilions stand at the four corners with a magical appearance of resting on the lake like quivering mirages of wayward dreams.

The *angoori bagh*, or grape garden, inside the fort of Agra, is now but a skeleton of the jewel-like miniature garden that it once was. It is a square plot of ground on the favourite scheme of a cosmic cross; three sides are enclosed by arched walls, and on the fourth stands the Khas Mahal, or special palace, with slender pillars and carved arches. A pavilion was built over the fountained swimming-pool in the centre, and the four terraced walks that radiated from it were laid in mosaic and shaded with vines in trellised arbours.

The roof-garden was another pleasing feature of ancient gardencraft in India. On the flat surface were distributed mosaics, waterways, flower-beds, tall palms, and fruit-trees. A fountain surrounded by many-hued flowers played in the centre, and the terrace was bordered all around with perforated screens.

About the year 1500, in the time of the Emperor and artist-poet Baber, the river Jumna in northern India flowed between sandy banks and arid plains. The creative genius of Baber came to the rescue, for he began a series of beautiful palace gardens at Agra. A devout votary at the altar of nature, Baber displays his passion for colour and flowers in his memoirs, the Baber-Namah. He describes his palaces on the sloping Kabul hills—how under the shadows of trees, the ground was carpeted with tulips, narcissus, and hyacinths, and iris, jasmine, lilacs, and carnations, and roses in fragrant masses; how the misty sprays of early fruit-blossoms mingled with the dark cypress, and the murmur of the running waters sang their praises.

The women of India, too, had splendid gardens. In the city of Delhi stands the old pleasance of the Princess Roushanara. She was the daughter of the celebrated Mumta Mahal and had unbounded influence as a patron of art and letters. In a rose coloured palanquin swung by two small elephants, the Princess used to come often to while away a few hours in her cool flower-scented garden. Parterres of flowers lined the long avenues of trees and trailed in the waterways. Although the garden is now in ruins, the atmosphere is full of romantic charms. From the arched gateway, one glimpses a white pavilion half concealed with festoons of creepers, and under this the Princess Roushanara still sleeps.

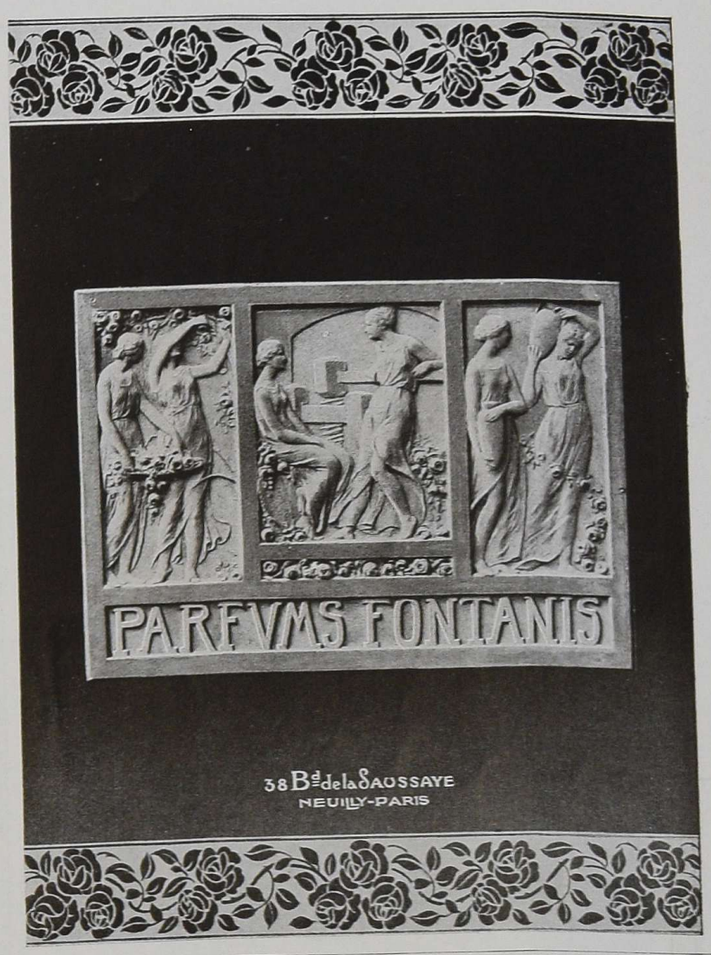
THE ADORATION OF REPOSE

Buddhistic thought and feeling from 500 B. C. to 500 A. D. abounded in artistic speculation and adored inner and outer repose. Sacred groves amid rich woodlands and symbolical gardens were beautiful and natural expressions of this feeling. They offered remoteness from the world and became sanctuaries of calm retirement suited to the contemplative minds of the learned Buddhists.

In the epic ages, a Hindu pleasure garden was a place of scented arbours with exquisite mosaic floorings and frescoed walks, artificial rocks and hillocks patterned with bright flowers, and pools and lakes abounding in aquatic plants and golden fish. The red goose, Brahma's bird of sunrise, and the snowy swan of good luck belonging to the Goddess Lukshime, floated placidly on the surface. Multi-coloured gossamer butterflies were the souls of the departed fluttering ecstatically over the blossoms. Peacocks, the vain favourites of Saras-vabi, goddess of learning, strutted about to show their gorgeous plumage, while the nightingale, the *bulbul* of Persian verse, sang its thousand songs to the pink rose.

In these gardens like living legends, nothing was without symbolic lore. The lotus, symbolizing the creation of the world, was a prominent feature of the gardencraft, of course, and every flowering tree was considered sacred. The *dhak* with its blaze of flaming blossoms was Buddha's special favourite. The aromatic feathery flowers of the *abnoos* were emblems of Lukshime, goddess of beauty and good fortune, and the soul-allaying *ashok* tree never flourished to perfection until it was first pressed by the foot of a beautiful maiden, says the allegory of spring.

The romance of Magnum and Leila was most frequently immortalized in the Mogul gardens. The willow was the sad earthly symbol of Magnum drooping towards the pure and sacred water-lily, the symbol of Leila, his beloved. The rosebud on a mound was Leila on her camel litter. Dark purple violets bespoke the gloss and perfume of her blue black streaming hair, jasmine her pure white throat, the cypress her slender shadowy form, tulips her cheeks, and roses her lips. The starred narcissus were her eyes.



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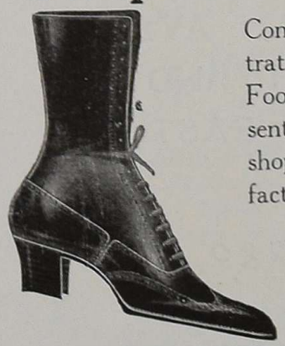

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MARY'S LAMB AND MARY'S FROCK

(*Continued from page 73*)

wool khaki during the late unpleasantness. There were loose-packed bales of American wool, too—altogether more than a million dollars' worth under the one roof, all ready to start on the process of becoming cloth.

FROM SHEEP TO SHELF—ONE YEAR

But the best wool is in no hurry. The process clothward is a slow one, if it's done rightly—a whole year from sheep to shelf—maybe more. Ordinary wool may be rushed through ordinary mills, and made into ordinary cloth, of course. But this isn't ordinary wool, and one of the most important secrets of the success of the wonderful brown material as well as of the serges and tricotines, the chevronas and cachemires made with the same care, is that the wool "rests" after almost every process through which it is taken. The finest merino, never bought by the ordinary firm, is altogether too choice a product to be left to chance handling, and from the time it enters the big gates in New Jersey, till that proud day when it goes out as cloth, its career is under the eyes of the same men—men with an august reputation to keep up.

The first step in the long process is the sorting. The bales are opened in a large light room at the top of one of the big red brick buildings. The sorter has an expert sense of touch and many years of experience, and the heap of matted discoloured wool dissolves itself by magic into the twelve tall baskets around the table. The average mill, of course, makes merely a rough classification of its wool into two or three grades—which occasions all sorts of minor unevennesses in the yarn later on. This not only prevents fineness of texture in the finished weaving, but makes the yarn apt to break in the thin places.

Meantime, the baskets are gathered up and dumped into huge bins, like to like, to "rest" until "A1 Australian" or "B1 South American" is summoned to the laundry. This journey takes place via the "blower" with an awesome collection of giant furnace-pipes through which the wool is rushed to the scouring house, a place of vast activity, of soap and soda and hot water and steam and bubbles and huge iron hands that push the wool up and down till all the dust of Australia and all the natural oil of the sheep is thoroughly washed away. After which the wool is baked dry in a room that smells gently of marcelled merino, and then it goes on to the carding process.

THE CARDING ROOM

Daphne's great-great-grandmother used to do this by hand, painstakingly opening out the matted wool into a big soft white fleece. But the dear great-great would certainly blink those blue eyes under her cap-frill if she could see the enormous room where the fleece of to-day puffs in an endless series of thin white clouds from the maw of one black steel monster after another, that pulls it, and straightens it, and sends it to join the moving stream of wool that flows along in the narrow iron gutter lining both sides of the long aisle between the machines. The old-time spinner's eyes would be busy with the fascination of the new process, but, if Daphne were with her, child of an age that thrills to sensation, she would be carried away with the wonderful colour of the wool. It isn't white, because it's so warmly softly alive, this marvellous thing that flashes in thin streams and thick bands and big fat salt-water-taffy rolls all down the length of the huge room.

The carded fleece is wound on big bobbins in soft ropes as large around as your wrist. They have a comfortable rotundity of outline, so fat and white you want to pat them and so satisfactorily decorative that, though you can't imagine how they could be used, you rather resent the next process, whatever it is. And, indeed, it looks unnecessary to the outsider, for it consists in unwinding three bobbins and winding them onto one, pulling the wool out till it's evener and thinner and freer from possible inequality, and ready for the "comber" where ever so many big spools go on together, flow into one wide white mat, and get the short fibre combed out with steel teeth in place of the wooden ones that great-great-grandmother used to pull so patiently through her carded fleece. This short fibre drops into its trough under the machine to be used later on in the woof of soft carded materials, while the long fibre goes on to be made into yarn for the finest of worsted materials, such as serges and tricotines.

THE TRANSITION INTO YARN

It would be quite impossible to tell all the things that happen to this long fibre. If it had a thin little white soul inside its lovely body it would doubtless believe itself the most tortured creature in a whirling and evolving universe. Innumerable times it is wound on spools, only to be put onto some other machine and wound off again, and rewound in new and even finer and evener combinations. It is pulled out into spider threads of incredible thinness that have no strength at all, but only beauty, and then, on its slender spindles, it is taken to a room that seems gone mad with motion.

A man and four girl helpers stand in a long aisle between four big machines, two on each side. And the group is repeated in endless perspective. Each machine has scores of whirling white spindles at the back, and a long low skeleton table filled with threads in front. Suddenly the aisle widens. The machines are pulling back into themselves like sliding folding-beds. The girls go after them, fixing a thread here and there expertly. No sooner have the machines closed up than they open again, pushing their attendants back and back. . . . Closed. . . . Open. Closed. . . . Open. . . . And all the time the spindles whirl and turn like the souls of mad wee dervishes, and the iron clanks and clicks and pounds, and the white threads flash and twist on the skeleton table. The whole operation must be gone through in a warm even temperature with a high degree of humidity for fear the wool should be spoiled as it gets that twist that turns it into real yarn.

But the workers do not seem to mind the atmosphere, chiefly, we presume, because the most disagreeable feature of real weather is eliminated, and that is sudden change. The instructions on each machine are printed in Bohemian, Russian, German, Polish, Hungarian, and Italian, as well as in English, but the smiles you get from the black eyes of Simonetta are no quicker or more friendly than the darting glances of Roszika. Sophie and Gretchen are less apt to fraternize with visitors, but they are the best of good spinners, and just as keen to try a new fox-trot at noon on the smooth floor roped off from their big lunch-room for the purpose.

But while we've been smiling at Simonetta, the new yarn has been taken away to be steamed once more, to get out any possible curl that might interfere with perfect weaving. Then

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MARY'S LAMB AND MARY'S FROCK

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destiny steps in and selects some of it to be dyed right away, while the rest goes on to be woven and afterward dyed in the piece. This dye yarn will be used in weaving mixed goods such as tweed, or patterned fabric like chevrona. But for the present, dyed and undyed, the yarn must again be "rested"—like Simonetta herself at the noon hour—so that the fibre may return to its normal degree of elasticity. Failure to do this is one reason for material that doesn't keep its shape, no matter how well it looks when the tailor first sends it home. For this two-weeks' "sleep", the yarn is taken down into a moist warm dark basement while we go on to the weaving room.

THE LOOM OF "SAMPLE BLANKETS"

One of the most interesting machines is the little loom on which they make those "sample blankets" that are the joy of the experimenter's heart. Warp of all colours, woof of all colours, combined in all possible ways—very often five hundred different arrangements are thus tried out in little six-inch blocks of actual cloth before ten are selected for Daphne to see on the shelves next spring. And of these ten, Daphne and her friends and her friends' friends will elect to popularize, at the most, three or four. Or is it the great dressmakers that agree to cause her to do this? Or, again, the textile manufacturers that work on the dressmakers? No two experts will give you the same reason. But the fact remains.

To listen to the main weaving room is like attending a barrage. The perspective under the great glassed-in roof is as long and as light as a ball park, and a hundred and ten revolutions a minute seem to be a good average speed for anything in sight. The shuttle flies to and fro in the loom like a vengeful projectile; there is motion horizontal, vertical, and rotary; but despite the great speed, the yarn is so fine that the looms weave hardly an inch a minute and it takes many many days to finish one piece of goods. These pieces, by the way, are woven seventy or even eighty inches wide to allow for shrinking so that the finished product shall measure fifty-four inches. And, from this time on, every opportunity is given it to shrink as much as it possibly can.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

It must be a heavenly change for a really sensitive tricotine to leave the furious life of the weaving room for the examining room at the top of another building where it moves slowly over a great roller in front of a bright window to be examined for imperfections. A man with a yellow chalk marks a heavy thread here—a tiny knot yonder. Some of these can be remedied before the dyeing if they are taken in time. Round him sit girls, as intent and as peacefully occupied as ever maiden at her tapestry in the olden time. But, strange to say, though the work seems so easy and so eminently ladylike, it is harder to get applicants for the big bright window recesses than it is to find tenders for the noisy monsters down five floors, that do the weaving for the ladies in the tower. Machine-oil has no terrors for the girl of to-day, as the munition factories were the first to prove to us. After this process of examination, the cloth is once again scoured, dried, fulled, shrunk, and then, to make sure that no tiniest of Australian seeds lurk in the smooth folds of this season's tricotine, the piece goes to the carbonizing room, where it is run through an acid bath that burns out any impurity that has had the hardihood to endure through the previous treatments.

The dye house was where Germany used to have us at so enormous a disadvantage. Possibly, if there had been no war, we would still be importing or doing without. But to-day there are no more wonderful colours in the world than those that steam and bubble in this New Jersey factory—hot green-blue to make that new dragon-fly shade that Daphne is so mad about, black blues for the autumn serges, purples, brown reds, and all those soft leaf tones that promise to be so popular this winter. The red brick floor drips colour, and there is a gentle smell of chemicals in the air that persists throughout the next room where the heaps of rich-hued cloth go through steam baths, and monumental mangles, and are at last brought to a fair semblance of their real selves.

THE FINAL POLISH

They are woven, dyed. Finally they are shrunk so that no flood that ever fell can effect them again. But they lack all finish. Now they must be ironed and stretched in various ways, and then, to give those of them that require it that velvet finish that we've all learned to admire in season after season of duvetine, they must go under the tiny teeth of a steel cylinder that revolves four times a second, and picks up the nap. In olden times, real teazles were used—big blunt-headed burrs—and right next to the modern cylinder with its aggressive teeth we see a whole frameful of sturdy teazles still in active service, since, for some purposes, man has never got ahead of nature.

From this point the special characteristics of the various materials are apparent even to the outsider. To get its eggshell finish, broadcloth must be put in an immense hydraulic press, folded in lengths between hot iron plates so heavy that it takes two men to lift them. The broadcloth stays under this torment for at least twenty-four hours, and then requires another process to tame its too aggressive lustre. Peachbloom and other velvet-surfaced materials must go through shearing machines like this one yonder, its jaws dripping golden fluff. Some of them are sheared forty or fifty times to get that absolutely even, uncreasable, uncrushable finish that marks perfect work—that finish which some of us have come to recognize by the expensive process of having bought the other sort.

Even the amateur ought to be able to recognize its superiority at a glance, a touch. The colours are richer and deeper, the surface is incomparably more even, the texture is smoother and finer. But the average woman who buys a suit doesn't buy to wear to-day or to-morrow only. The thing that makes it worth her while to pay the extra money for the well-made material is that this colour, surface, texture, are not due to any sort of trick process. They aren't make-up. They are part and parcel of the material itself and she may be certain that they will be there till the last thread of it is gone.

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VENETIAN LILLE LOTION—A protective lotion which prevents and relieves tan, sunburn and freckles and gives the skin a lovely finish. Ideal for evening; does not rub off. Mildly astringent, it helps correct oiliness and coarse pores. Blanche, Cream, Naturelle, Spanish Rachel. $1 and $2.

VENETIAN AMORETTA CREAM—A delightfully fragrant day cream to use before powdering. It gives the skin a velvety softness and protects it from wind and sun. $1 and $2.

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MAKERS OF MUSIC

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The other newcomers are, Carolina Lazzari, Riccardo Zanelli, Margaret Farnam, Evelyn Scotney, and Mary Dolossy. Carolina Lazzari formerly was a member of the Chicago Opera Association, and Evelyn Scotney of the Boston Opera Company. Zanelli is a baritone from South America, and Margaret Farnam and Mary Dolossy are young Americans whose careers are entirely a matter of the future. The departure of Pierre Monteux to become conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra left open the position of French conductor; this has been filled by the engagement of Albert Wolff of the Paris Opéra Comique, whose opera, "L'Oiseau Bleu," is to be one of the novelties of the season.

For the coming season at the Metropolitan, Signor Gatti-Casazza, proving himself of a truly catholic spirit, has announced six novelties and revivals, including two French operas, one Russian, one American, one Italian, and one German. Two of these, Albert Wolff's "L'Oiseau Bleu" and Henry Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night," will receive their first production on any stage. "L'Oiseau Bleu" is founded on Maurice Maeterlinck's play which won such popular success a number of years ago at the New Theatre. Of Mr. Wolff's music, nothing is known, but the spectacular possibilities of the work are enormous. The emphasis to be placed on this phase of opera is evinced by the announcement that Boris Anisfeld, the Russian painter, is to do the scenery. Mr. Anisfeld's daring sense of colour and imaginative outlook were displayed last season in the production of "La Reine Fiammette."

A NEW AMERICAN OPERA

"Cleopatra's Night" is to be the annual American opera at the Metropolitan, and it is to be hoped that it will make a more vital impression than have any of the other American works which Gatti-Casazza has produced during his consulship. The subject is a superb one for operatic treatment. The Gautier story is full of colour and passion, and gives scope alike to the melodist and to the lover of the spectacular. Mr. Hadley is a composer whose former operas have displayed an extreme fluency and a theatric sense as well. Their lack has been in the absence of any incisive personal stamp. If, in "Cleopatra's Night," he has gained this personal note, the opera ought to prove of vital interest. At all events, Hadley knows his *métier*, and the mark of the operatic amateur will not be upon his work. The scenery of "Cleopatra's Night" is being painted by Norman-Bel Geddes, one of the most promising of the new school of American scenic artists.

Tschaikowsky's "Eugène Oniegin," which is to be sung in Italian, is a novelty to New York audiences, though the opera is popular in Russia. Halévy's "La Juive" was last sung during Oscar Hammerstein's preliminary season at the Manhattan Opera House. It, too, gives an admirable opportunity for scenic effect, of which Joseph Urban will make the most, but aside from this fact and the chance it gives to the golden voice of Enrico Caruso, there seems no pressing reason for its revival. The resuscitation of the old Rossini or Verdi opera will show its *raison d'être* when the name of the opera is announced. At all events, it will give an opportunity for good singing, for Rossini and Verdi, even at their worst, never neglected the voice.

With the signing of peace comes the re-emergence of Wagner into the Metropolitan repertory. "Parsifal" is the work chosen, probably because by no stretch of the imagination can it be accused of any imperialistic meaning. As the use of the German language might prove distasteful to our audience, a new English translation is being made by Henry Edward Krehbiel. The scenery is being painted by Joseph Urban, and the production in general is to be supervised by Artur Bodanzky. Wagner in the years before the war had become largely a matter of routine at the Metropolitan, and its enforced absence has probably been an excellent thing both in whetting the enjoyment of the audiences and in revitalizing the productions themselves.

OPERA IN ENGLISH

But the Metropolitan is not to be the only Richmond in the operatic field. The Society of American Singers, under the direction of William Wade Hinshaw, is to reopen its season at the Park Theatre on October 13 with a revival of Suppé's "Boccaccio" with Craig Campbell and Ruth Miller in the chief rôles. This is to be followed by "The Impresario," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Mignon," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Tales of Hoffman," "The Mikado," and "Robin Hood." Mr. Hinshaw's attempt to found an American Opéra Comique is praiseworthy to a degree, and his success last season is of good omen for the future.

As a training-school for young singers, this organization ought to be invaluable, but some of the singers who appeared last season, especially in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, might well be dispensed with. Of the artists announced for this year, Maggie Teyte, Frances Maclennan, Ruth Miller, Lucy Gates, and Craig Campbell are all excellent, but others of equal calibre ought to be found if the Society of American Singers is to take its appointed place in the American music world. To obtain this place in the production of light works and of works suited to an intimate auditorium, good individual artists are needed, and there is also needed a perfection of ensemble. Of course, the new organization can not expect to rival the Metropolitan in its stars, but there is no reason why it should not rival the older undertaking in the quality of its staging.

The operas at the Park Theatre will again be sung in English. This is idealistic, but we wonder whether it is an idealism always well placed. Gilbert and Sullivan, of course, ought to be sung in the vernacular, but alas, we have painful memories! "Mignon," "The Tales of Hoffman," and "La Bohême" were sung last season at the Park Theatre in what passed for the King's English, but was in reality a sadly garbled version.

The orchestral situation during the coming season ought to prove exceedingly interesting. New York has already two of the great symphonic orchestras of the world, the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic, and now a third organization, the New Symphony Orchestra, enters the field under the able leadership of Artur Bodanzky. Whether New York will support three orchestras remains to be seen, but at all events, the musicians of all three orchestras will be put on their mettle and will undoubtedly play as they never played before.

The munificent bequest of the late A. D. Juilliard, which will amount to at least five million dollars, and perhaps to triple that amount, is to be used to aid the Metropolitan Opera Company and also generally to advance the cause of music in America. It has been a significant event in musical history.

SEEN *on the* STAGE

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a dozen bedroom farces were launched one after another, the longest survivor was a thing called "Up in Mabel's Room," which was offered in New York at a later date than any of the others. When new plays may be accused of similarity, there is no advantage in mere priority of metropolitan production; and this fact has been established many times in practice. Yet our producing managers still persist in the superstitious habit of hurrying their plays into New York in order to antedate upon the calendar another play or two of the same generic type that may, in the long run, be liked better by the public or liked not so well.

A VOICE FROM MELODRAMA

In preparation for the theatre season of 1919-1920, several authors—in consequence of psychologic motives which, though evermore recurrent, are inexplicable by a layman—conceived the idea of entertaining a public recruited from "the road" by rewriting the ancient melodrama that may most conveniently be called by the familiar title, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" The opening date of the current season was artificially pushed forward by the rivalry of several managers in their efforts to beat each other out in presenting this new version of an old project on the boards. This race was won by William A. Brady, who succeeded in initiating "the autumn season" by presenting "At 9:45" on the unprecedented date of June 28. This first play of "the new season" actually antedated many of the "summer shows," and was set forth in competition against several of the lingering attractions from the waning season that, in general, had been foregone. It was followed in a few days by "The Five Million," a play of a very different type which also was pushed forward to antecede predestined rivals; and, shortly afterwards, the popularity of "At 9:45" was challenged on the boards by two other versions of the same essential theme,—entitled threateningly "The Crimson Alibi" and "A Voice in the Dark."

THE MURDER AND THE MYSTERY

"At 9:45," "The Crimson Alibi," and "A Voice in the Dark" must be regarded by the critic as three different versions, by three different authors, of the same familiar project and traditional pattern. This project has already been defined implicitly by the ascription of the hypothetic and inclusive title, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" The formula is simple. Somebody must have been murdered at the very outset of the action. This victim must have been a very vicious character; for it is necessary that he should have been hated mortally by half a dozen people. Three or four participants are successively suspected of the murder, with more than ample motives for committing it; but, at the very end of the narrative, some unsuspected person is suddenly and surprisingly obtruded as the actual murderer, to the exculpation of the hitherto suspected characters.

Contrary to the general opinion, this play is not particularly difficult to write. The mystery is easy to handle, since the author begins at the end and constructs backward, covering his tracks; and the working out of the plot is scarcely more than a mechanical matter for any playwright of experience. No more than a rudimentary ability in characterization is called for, since the various characters are discussed and exhibited only in reference to their guilt or innocence. Furthermore, the audience, absorbed in the plot, pays no attention to the dialogue; and, in consequence, the lines need not be more than adequately written.

The narrative of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" is interesting merely by virtue of its deft manipulation of the technical expedients of suspense and surprise; but these technical expedients are undeniably entrancing, not only to the gaping herd, but also to individuals of exceptional intelligence. On one of his trips from Samoa to Sydney, Robert Louis Stevenson strolled into the leading bookshop of that Australian city and asked for a batch of novels to read on the steamer going home. The bookseller, recognizing Tusitala by his long hair and unconventional costume, scurried about and gathered many novels by Stevenson's most famous friends,—George Meredith, Henry James, and others who showed intimations of immortality by virtue of their searching of the human soul. But R. L. S. waved them airily away. "Great heavens, man!" he cried, "I asked you for something to read upon the steamer!" And he gathered up half a dozen "shilling shockers" and yellow-backed detective stories. Tusitala genuinely loved these tales,—not for what was lacking in them, but for what he has called, in one of his immortal essays, "some quality in the brute incident." Nowhere else than in the cheap and popular detective story, or in the perennial play of "Who Killed Cock Robin?", does narrative appear so naked; and those whose love for narrative is ardent to the point of lust prefer it in its nudity.

HYPNOTIZING THE PUBLIC

In this play, however, the love of naked narrative obliterates any reasoned interest in life as a thing to be considered seriously. It is to be noted, for instance, that the audience easily accepts the initiatory murder with a perfectly complacent amorality. No sympathy is felt for the relatives or friends of the man who has been slaughtered: his death is taken merely as the placing of the first piece in the gradual assembling of an interesting picture-puzzle. When the actual culprit is discovered in the end, the audience is always assured that no jury in the country would think of convicting him if he were ever brought to trial. Not the least of the attractions of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" is the salving psychologic "get-away" that it affords from our habitual incarceration behind the prison-bars of actuality. When we see this play, we achieve vicariously a long-suppressed but still buoyantly boyish ambition to commit the bloody crime of murder, and are not only excused but applauded for the act. No wonder that this play is always popular! It dramatizes and sets forth for our vicarious enjoyment the most illicit of our unconfessed and Freudian desires. And when this perennial melodrama is rewritten simultaneously by three authors, working separately, it is rather silly for their managers to play havoc with the calendar of theatregoing by striving superstitiously for precedence upon the boards.

"AT 9:45"

IT is not at all surprising that "At 9:45," by Owen Davis, should be a workmanlike and interesting melodrama; for this author has enjoyed a more than ample training for his task. After his graduation from Harvard College, a score of years ago, this inventive writer undertook the tireless profession of keeping the theatres of Third Avenue supplied with new and original melo-

(*Continued on page 96*)

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SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 66*)

dramas of the ten, twenty, and thirty-cent variety; and for a long time he supplied these products at the rate of one a month. The author of "Chinatown Charlie, the King of the Opium Ring" amassed a small fortune by this industry; and was thereafter pushed northwestward from the Bowery to Times Square by the advent of the five-cent moving-picture play, which drove the ancient melodrama of our side-streets out of business. These facts are now recalled, not with any purpose of disparaging the recent output of Mr. Davis, but rather with the purpose of celebrating the soundness of his apprenticeship. Shakspere taught himself to write "Hamlet" by dallying in his youth with such violent and bloody projects as that of "Titus Andronicus"; and "Titus" is not so good a play as "Chinatown Charlie." Owen Davis has written and produced more melodramas than any other American author who is living at the present time; and his superiority in sheer experience assists him very greatly when it comes to a mere question of rehandling a traditional project, like that which is exploited in the present play.

Those ill-bred people who come late to the theatre, for the purpose of exhibiting their evening gowns and incidentally annoying their neighbours, will miss the best part of "At 9:45." The opening of this play is nothing less than masterly; for the necessary exposition is effected by a scene of hurried and excited action. Attention is immediately captured; and the initial grip of the author is so strong that it is shaken off with difficulty even in those later scenes when the sheer extravagance of the plot approaches the incredible.

At the climax of this melodrama, three different people—without connivance with each other—confess to the examining detective that they are guilty of the murder which has served as the starting-point of the story. The detective calls the curtain down with the humorous remark that two of them must be "the damnedest liars in New York." This fitting phase is easily extended by the audience to cover all three. The heroine has obviously confessed to shield the hero; the hero has obviously confessed to shield the heroine; and a pathetic "old-stage" butler has confessed, just as obviously, for the purpose of shielding some one else. This "some one else" turns out, in the last act, to be the butler's daughter, who has been kept assiduously in the background theretofore; but her motives for the shooting are so unquestionably justified that the audience forgives her and applauds her as the final curtain falls.

From the standpoint of the critic, the only drawback to an utterly naïve enjoyment of "At 9:45" is that the element of "comedy relief" is a little too obviously laboured. The audience laughs at the places appointed for such reactions in the 'script; but an impression abides with an over-captious commentator that the author—as the Scotchman said—has joked with difficulty.

"THE CRIMSON ALIBI"

"THE CRIMSON ALIBI" was dramatized from a novel of Octavius Roy Cohen's by George Broadhurst, whose long experience as a craftsman in the theatre is measurable, at least, with that of Owen Davis. In this new version of an ancient theme, there are two points of special interest. The first point was imagined by the novelist, Mr. Cohen. Immediately after the commission of the murder,—some details of which have been shown to the spectators in a prologue acted under baffling shadows and still more mystifying lights,—a gentleman calls at the home of a celebrated amateur detective and begs him to take up the case in order to shield the speaker from apparent but unjustified suspicion. This gentleman explains frankly that he had been cursed by motives more than ample for murdering the dead man, that in fact he had made up his mind for the commission of murder and had proceeded to the dead man's house with murder in his heart, only to find on his arrival that his deathly purpose had been forestalled by some other and some unknown hand, whereupon he had fled from the premises and come straight to tell his story to the detective. This frank confession — coming at the very outset of the melodrama—disarms the audience completely and disarms the detective for a time: yet this mild and gentle protestant against the presumably false incrimination of merely circumstantial evidence turns out in the end to be the actual culprit, after several other clues have been pursued to the revelation of their final falsity. The trick of presenting the real criminal as the very first person to be connected with the crime is absolutely novel in the patterning of this perennial melodrama.

The second point of superiority which may justly be accorded to "The Crimson Alibi" in comparison with its current rivals is the staging of the play, which was entrusted by Mr. Broadhurst to Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley, who has enjoyed the advantage of studying her craft with the great Stanislawski of Moscow. The settings and the lightings conceived and executed by Mrs. Bradley are deserving of particular comment. Her design for the detective's study is obviously bad; because — though indubitably decorative —it is obviously feminine in inspiration. No bachelor who hated women could comfortably work in such a room. Yet Mrs. Bradley was exceedingly successful in the projection of a later set which exhibited the interior of a cheap hotel that served as a momentary refuge for an escaped convict suspected of the murder because he had, in past years, been railroaded to the penitentiary as an innocent victim of a minor crime "framed against him" by the murdered man. This design—imitated obviously from the famous set employed by Jacques Copeau in his great production of "Les Frères Karamazov"—showed a sort of central well revealing a staircase climbing upward to three stories, with other stories imagined above the topmost frame of the proscenium. (Some time or other, when dramatic critics are allowed a little leisure, a special essay may be written about the sheer theatric value of a scene enacted on three levels, and the overwhelming potency upon the stage of the possibilities for pantomime afforded by a climbing and descending staircase.) In this great set, the detectives and their prisoner begin the long descent of the stairs. Then the lights, by prearrangement, are extinguished; and a pistol fusillade is fired against the minions of the law by several thugs in ambush on the lower floor. This scene —for reasons that are merely technical —is irresistibly exciting. It reveals no necessary reference to life; but it is rich with the lust for naked narrative. In such a juncture, it is not difficult to imagine a commentator like the late Andrew Lang yelling lustily again his great ejaculation,—"This is the sort of stuff a fellow wants!" "The Crimson Alibi" succeeds by Mrs. Bradley's stairs, as much as it succeeds by the novelist'

(*Continued on page 97*)

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 96*)

device of alluring the spectator to follow several false trails after listening to the circumstantial but apparently exculpating statement delivered by the actual culprit at the very outset.

"A VOICE IN THE DARK"

"A VOICE IN THE DARK," though repeating the same essential project that had been set forth previously on the boards in "At 9:45" and "The Crimson Alibi," pushed into prominence one or two traits of technical originality, and must therefore be regarded as a more important play than either of these predecessors. This piece was written by a new author, Ralph L. Dyar, and was rewritten, for metropolitan production, by the more experienced playwright, Willard Mack.

Mr. Dyar's play begins in the same manner as all the other repetitions of the ancient theme of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" But this new author has managed to invent an absolutely new idea. One of the essential witnesses in the murder case that he imagines is absolutely deaf, and another witness is absolutely blind. The deaf woman sets out to tell her story. Then ensues, as they say in "the movies,"—a "cut back"; and her narrative is enacted in pantomime—as she, of course, has seen it—without spoken words. This very passage is subsequently re-enacted—when narrated from the point of view of another character—with the surprisingly interpretative comment of the spoken word. When the blind witness subsequently tells his story, the narrative is acted out upon the stage in semi-darkness; and the employment of these tricks in mere technique marks a pushing forward from the limits set by the pattern of "On Trial," wherein the "cut back" in time was first exploited on the speaking stage.

In the narrative of "A Voice in the Dark," the actual murderer turns out, at last, to be the person least suspected of the crime; and, after the piece is over, the commentator feels inclined to wonder why this murderer had neglected to make a "get away" during the convenient period while several other characters were being suspected of the murder. A trained criminal needs only the advantage of a couple of hours to escape from his professional pursuers. This, of course, is the main weakness of the narrative that is persistently retailed by the evermore recurrent authors of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Their real criminal is always presented with the gratuitous gift of ample time in which to run away; yet—because of sheer perversity—he always seems to hang around until the clock strikes for the final show-down which comes in the final act.

"THE FIVE MILLION"

"THE FIVE MILLION," by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel, was hurried into New York on the evening of July 8 for the purpose of antedating several other plays expected to deal with the obvious theme of the return of the American soldier from service overseas. In view of the possibilities suggested by this theme, "The Five Million" was distinctly disappointing. It turned out merely to be a frank *rifacimento* of a foregone type of play, embroidered with new trimmings to fit the new occasion. "The Five Million" follows faithfully the formula established in past seasons by such clever clutchers of the public pulse as George M. Cohan and Winchell Smith. Basically, it is merely a retelling of the tale of life in a small and wholesome town of the United States, as this life is artificially imagined by a playwright whose point of view is centered in Times Square. The small-town people projected by Messrs. Bolton and Mandel speak the slang that is current in the theatre district of New York and act always like the customary characters in any Times Square comedy. The only note of novelty in this otherwise traditional composition is the suggestion that several social problems have been occasioned, in our small-town life, by the quick return of the American Expeditionary Forces.

In "The Five Million," a private of the A. E. F. comes home to find that his former job as an insurance agent is filled more efficiently by his own wife, against whom he is required to compete for the recovery of his foregone employment. Here we are invited to touch fingers with a theme that might be developed seriously into the considerable text of a contemporary comedy of manners; but this theme is dropped swiftly by the authors, as a thing too hot to handle at the moment. Another private of the A. E. F. comes home with a French wife; and further possibilities for serious comedy are suggested by the subsequent events than those that are merely outlined by the authors of the present play.

"The Five Million"—while dodging these new and major issues—sets forth the usual small-town story as conceived in the past by such playwrights of Times Square as Mr. Cohan and Mr. Smith. The hero is the usual hero of the small-town play, and the villain is the usual villain. The customary scene occurs in which a safe is cracked—against the law—to the discomfiture of the villain and the charmingly illicit advantage of the hero. The villain is played admirably by Purnell Pratt,—so admirably that this experienced actor earns hisses from the gallery at nearly every performance. This villain—according to the text—had claimed immunity from the recent draft by obtruding the infirmity of flat feet; and whenever feet or flatness is mentioned in the lines, the gallery explodes in a sudden volley of patriotic applause. The hero, however, was an aviator, long given up for dead. When he reappears in the small town, he owns it, by virtue of the foregone false report of his demise. It is even suggested, on the stage, that the veterans of the A. E. F. may elect the next president by hanging together and expressing at the polls the vote of their united will. As a matter of mere politics, it remains to be seen whether or not this heroical prediction will be realized in practice.

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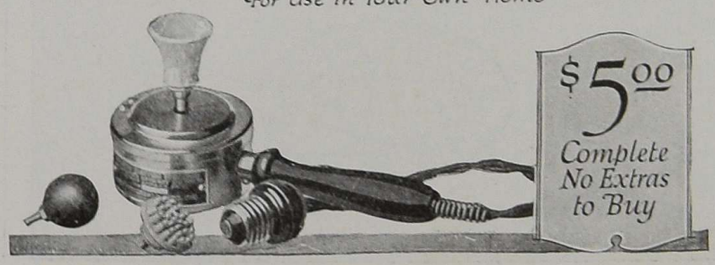

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HATS WITH LEADING ROLES

(*Continued from page 51*)

wide from side to side and short from back to front is new both in large and small shapes. The soft shapeless toque of velvet in a draped effect, trimmed with an ostrich tip or draped with a soft lace veil, is quite the newest thing, but may prove difficult to wear. The stiff, extremely small type of hat seems to have disappeared. The hat of this season either has a brim or is made in a draped effect; even the close-fitting toques are draped, and the drapery gives them an unusually heavy effect.

A very marked feature of the autumn millinery modes is found in the lace veils. If these veils are not black, they are often tan or light brown, the exact colour of ginger. They are in elaborate patterns, although the designs are delicately carried out and the whole effect exquisite.

Most of the hats that are being shown in New York this season are trimmed, whether the shapes are large or small. First of all, these trimmings are feathers, but ribbon bows with wide flowing loops or narrow velvet ribbons with hanging ends are also seen. Metal is used a good deal in stitching and in ribbons which either bind edges or trim the crown. Very little embroidery is used, although Talbot faces one of her first autumn hats of navy blue velvet with duvetine in henna colour, cut out in a very striking design.

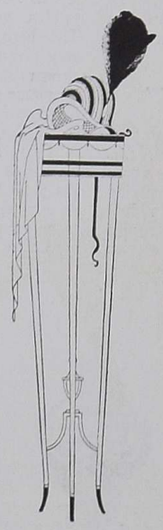
THE COLOUR SCHEMES OF AUTUMN

Black is invariably used in the new hats, and with it, lovely shades of burgundy and navy blue. A peculiar shade of tan is lovely in velvet and resembles the ginger shade mentioned above. Talbot uses two colours in a number of her smartest hats; for instance, a small shape of black satin antique has its upturned brim faced in a deep champagne colour, while a soft toque of navy blue velvet has a thin line of watermelon pink silk crêpe wound around that part of the brim next to the head. A bright sapphire blue touch is evident in hats of black; it takes the form of a binding or a bow in velvet ribbon over the ear. A picture hat from Hermance shown on page 46 is an excellent example of this combination of colours. The upper part is of burgundy velvet faced in black satin antique, and a soft sweeping line at the brim is bound along the edge with a narrow black grosgrain ribbon. The medium high crown is quite soft, as is the unwired frame of the brim. From the crown, through the brim at one side of the back, runs a short ostrich tip in burgundy colour. It hangs gracefully to the shoulder. Quite as effective as an old Gainsborough hat is this large shape with the pictorial line already so much in favour this season.

Maria Guy uses fur combined with lace in a hat for afternoon, and the low round crown is entirely of kolinsky, while a wide sweeping brim is made entirely of black lace softly wired into shape. It is trimmed at one side near the back with a bow of black lace. Saget too, uses lace as a trimming on a large hat for afternoon; on a black velvet shape with a medium high stiff crown and a brim much wider at the front than at the back, the effect of a double brim is made along the very edge. Tucked in, as it were, between these two brims, the lace trimming forms a group of soft fluffy loops. There is no doubt that lace will be used to a considerable extent on afternoon and evening hats.

FRINGE AND FEATHERS OF MONKEY

Monkey fur is also a trimming very much in evidence this season and is very smart when used on hats of satin antique. Monkey fur in the clever fingers of the modistes comes to resemble feathers and fringe, as appears in one hat from Maria Guy, fashioned of dark brown tulle, and very lovely. The tulle of the upturned brim, as well as the round bee-hive crown, is laid in tucks, and between these tucks, tufts of monkey fur are placed at intervals, giving a most unusual effect. Strands of monkey fur fall over the eyes in wild and modish disorder. The hat from Reboux sketched on page 49 has an upturned brim entirely of monkey fur, made to resemble feathers, and is very youthful in line. The hat itself is of black satin antique. This hat exemplifies one of the more conservative uses of monkey fur; another hat from Reboux, sketched on page 48, is of black panne velvet and monkey fur. The upturned brim is trimmed across the front with two graceful feathers made of monkey fur. There is no doubt that monkey fur used thus in place of feather flues will be much more attractive to the American woman than it has been heretofore. The fur used in the trimming of this season's hats will unquestionably win her favour, for it is used in so many charming ways. Small hats all of fur, sable, kolinsky, or squirrel, as well as seal toques, will undoubtedly be very smart indeed for wear throughout the winter.



THE CROWNING DIGNITY OF MAN

(*Continued from page 61*)

dred years ago, I have seen cavaliers in high hats absurdly unhatted, as in the old prints, by the wind of their own motion, and making wild and fruitless efforts to recover their dignity. And I asked myself how this clumsy thing could ever have had its origin.

It is an embarrassing thing, this crown of man's dignity, and it requires a rare natural ease of manner or serious lessons to acquire the habit of managing it with grace. At the theatre, it spoils the effect of any piece. Unless one has a box, one is in despair for a place to put it whenever one's neighbours move. But its complete absurdity reaches its height in a love scene. Oh, the cursed hat! How can you expect, monsieur, that a woman should take you seriously when your every gesture is subject to the caprices of your extraordinary head covering. What woman could resist laughing, laughing heartily, at your embarrassment, and in love, laughter is usually equivalent to dismissal.

Why is it that a straw hat, a soft felt, a cap, or a derby never produces any such effect? These hats may change in form or shape, may be worn by young men, men in the prime of life, or old men, and they make no one laugh. On the other hand, no matter what modifications the mode may bring to the high hat, it is always ridiculous; it matters not whether it is low and broad as in the time of the Revolution, or very high with narrow brim as during the time of the Empire; whether it is a cone like that of 1830 or whether it resembles the hat of to-day, rather wide of brim and somewhat curved.

It will be said that I am prejudiced, that the dandies, the lions, and the beaux of the time of de Musset, whose slim waist and tightly strapped trousers the fashion papers of the time have preserved for us, wore their high and slim silk hats posed with admirable grace on their curling hair. The Duke de Morny, I shall be reminded, was one of the masters of the high hat and wore it to perfection, while the high hat of the Prince de Sagan assumed upon that dignitary an immense distinction. All that I admit. I admit, also, that M. de Fouquières wears a high hat in a fashion both graceful and straightforward. There is also M. Paul Deschanel who carries his top-hat seriously, but without too much gravity, and there is M. le Bargy whose fine absence of pretention savours of the Marquis de Priola. M. Clémenceau's hat is worn with such energy and so firmly placed that it rouses no suggestion of mirth, not the least, while M. Arthur Meyer is correctness itself, and M. Poincaré—but I have never seen his

Can it be that man who has conquered the elements is helpless before this obsession of the top-hat

anywhere but in his hand.

Doubtless the top-hat accords so well with the smartly correct bearing of a few English and French gentlemen that one may well pardon them for not seeking anything else. The annoying point in the matter is this apparent impossibility of finding anything to replace the high hat which should stand for the same distinction while possessing a real distinction of its own. Why this insistence in insisting on the top-hat when it is admitted to be ugly, inconvenient, and clumsy? Man passes, the top-hat remains; the years roll on, great events throng them, institutions go by the board, governments fall and are replaced, but the top-hat, scorned, maligned, ridiculed, stands immovable.

The mirth and the disdain of woman break in vain against its strength. But is it after all its strength, or is it just the impossibility of finding anything better? Yet consider the inventions of resourceful man. Can it be that man who has conquered the elements, who is master of air and water, who has accomplished so many wonders so near to miracles, is helpless, powerless before this childish and accessory thing destined to protect him from sun and rain and cold in the head?

After all, it is not so impossible to forget even a top-hat. For the woman who loves, the absurdity of the high hat is no more; she sees only the eyes beneath it. The wit of a brilliant man makes us hang upon his lips, not his hat; and in some men there is even so much distinction that they manage to put a little into their correct top-hats. Let us be resigned and—wait.

The caprice of the moment may alter its form a trifle, but through all the ages that it has been worn, it has never made it less ridiculous

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At the fête given by the Duchess de Doudeauville for the Polish Red Cross, Mademoiselle Cécile Sorel was a graceful figure in a fringed cape of marine blue crêpe de Chine and a hat of brown tulle

PARIS REVIEWS THE TROOPS

(*Continued from page 58*)

be the opinion of the beautiful women whom I saw that afternoon and evening, all of whom seemed happy to be alive.

That was the impression given by the beautiful Countess de Béarn at the ball of the Countess de Roche, in a Renaissance gown of gold tissue over a foundation of rose satin. On the same evening, the Spanish beauty of Mademoiselle Castillo was emphasized by a green frock of a metallic fabric. It has been said that green robes should be avoided, at least, Madame de Thèbes warned brunettes that they endangered their happiness. Doubtless, Madame de Thèbes having long ago departed to another world, her followers have forgotten her advice, for green costumes are everywhere.

On the evening gowns of white tulle, green plumes are often placed at the side, veiling the movement of the dance. Sometimes the plume is rose or mauve or grey, once more recalling the tendency of the present mode to adopt the Sioux Indian ornaments. The mode of ornamenting the head and the arms with feathers has already been noted; to this, the Parisienne now adds slippers decorated with furry paws, again a suggestion of the Indian. And the little bags which accompany the afternoon costume are made of two bands of buckskin or heavy silk, slashed to form a fringe, also of Indian derivation. A notable example of this mode is the glove worn by Mademoiselle d'Hinnisdal, which is sketched at the top of page 58.

Fringe is at the height of its popularity. I see it everywhere. At the same time, I note the return of the hat turned up at the side, turned up so far that it will, I think, require a new arrangement of the hair. How will it be possible for woman to resist lifting the hair and again freeing the ears, under the temptation of this audacious brim? Assuredly, we are advancing towards some new coiffure, exactly what it will be is not yet clear, but I have an idea of which I shall speak more at length in the near future.

Speaking of gowns, we have been assured that they are doubtless going to be longer here. In truth, I see them a very little less short for the street, a very little, but yet enough to be perceptible. For evening wear, however, this added length is a jest; for if, perchance, the gown is long, coming even to the ankle, it is so transparent that it is not unusual to see through this long gown a length of limb reaching even to the knee. This, it must be confessed, is a very modern method of lengthening a gown.

At the great ball given by His Royal Highness, Duke Louis d'Orleans-Bourbon, at the Ritz, the Baroness Henri de Rothschild wore a black gown and a scarf of black ribbon brocaded in colours, like the ribbons which our grandmothers wore fifty years ago. The Marquise de Villa-Urrutia, the wife of the Ambassador from Spain in London, wore a gown of black tulle ornamented with feathers, and she wore neither jewels nor any sort of coiffure ornaments.

At a ball given by Madame de Landa, the Marquise de Jaucourt (née de Atucha) was charming in a gown with very fine black and white fringe and black velvet sleeves to the elbow, bordered with the same double fringe. At this moment when women are all wearing sleeveless gowns, this idea is very original. Madame de Mier, the daughter of Madame de Landa, in a lovely frock of tulle and black velvet, wore on that evening stockings so fine and of so large a mesh that one would never have suspected the presence of any stockings at all. Meanwhile, the rest of us are seeking everywhere to find stockings and envying New York, which is said to have very fine and very lovely ones at prices below ours.

It must be admitted that in the midst of the excitement in which we have been living for the past few months, the intellectual side of our existence, if it has not exactly suffered, has been somewhat neglected. We have flung ourselves into a sort of madness of material life. In the same way, the reaction, undoubtedly, will be equally violent.

This summer, all the beloved roads laid open before us again; doubly enticing, Scotland, Italy, and England awaiting us in unchanged beauty. We hastened there more ready than ever to feel the spell of natural beauty, the charm of old legends, and the interest of all that pertains to the past. Perhaps on our return, we shall dance a little less and talk a little better, or at least, we may change a little the way in which we have amused ourselves during months of moral convalescence.

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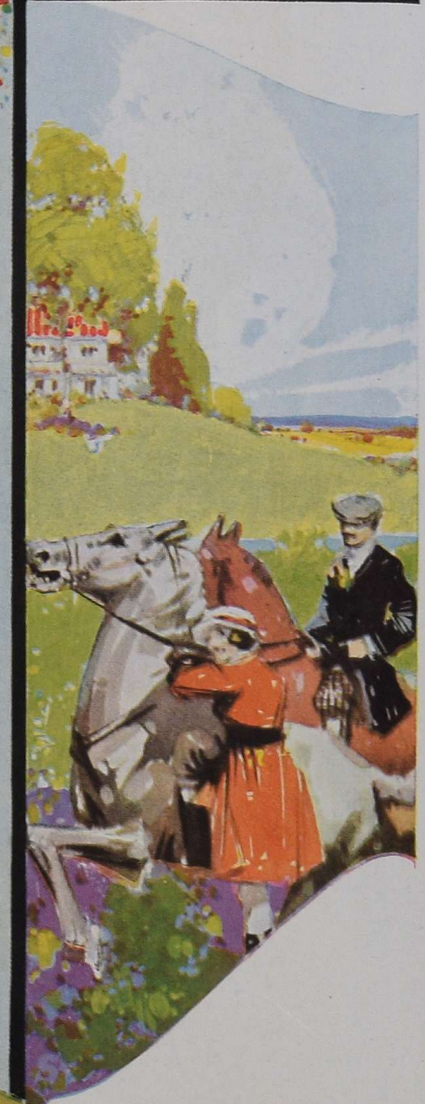

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